# The Outlook

MAY 18, 1921

## THE LATEST CRISIS IN EUROPE

EVENTS have been forcing upon Germany the sense of defeat which she failed to get from the terms of the armistice. During the early days of last week Germany was trying to decide whether she would yield to the ultimatum of the Allies or submit to the occupation of her chief industrial region by the Allies' military forces. The contrast between May, 1921, and November, 1918, is obvious. In these days there are no German troops adorned with flowers, no greetings issued to an "undefeated" army. It has taken Germany two years and a half to discover that she did not win the war; but, it is equally clear, it has taken two years and a half to convince the world that the result of the war was in fact a German defeat. There have been times when it was not altogether clear that Germany was not going to be better off than her victims. Even now it is only the stubbornness of France that renders it at all likely that Germany will help materially to repair the wanton damage she did, and disarm.

May 12 at midnight was the time given to Germany for reaching her decision. By the middle of the week the indication was that she was getting ready to yield to the Allies' terms. No party in Germany wished to be responsible for yielding; but, likewise, no party quite liked to face responsibility for the alternative. How imminent that alternative was the Germans could plainly see by the mobilization of French forces —infantry, artillery, tanks—on the outskirts of the Ruhr Valley.

Of course no one expects Germany to pay in money. There is not gold enough in the world or credit enough in Germany to cover Germany's debt. Germany has got to pay in real wealth; that means either raw material or labor, or both. She has offered, how sincerely it is not necessary to discuss, to send German workmen into the devastated area to engage directly in the work of restoration. Stéphane Lauzanne, by Special Correspondence in this issue, explains why this is not agreeable to France. That is not the only way by which the labor of Germany can be put to the service of her victims. It can be set to work producing wealth within Germany for the purposes of restitution.

In the meantime, and a very opportune time, Germany has acquired a new grievance by the action of the Poles in their attempt to hold fast to what they think is theirs in Upper Silesia. The theory of the Poles is undoubtedly that possession is nine points of the law. It is nevertheless embarrassing to the Allies. This aspect of the situation is discussed editorially elsewhere in this issue.

Awaiting the development of events in Europe, the Administration has apparently secured the consent of the leaders of the House of Representatives to hold in abeyance the Knox resolution for declaring peace. Although that resolution is designed merely to do away with the domestic restrictions of a technical state of war and yields nothing to Germany, its passage at this time might conceivably have a psychological effect detrimental to the interests of our Allies. It is, most Americans will agree, wise to postpone action on the Knox resolution for the present. President Harding has accepted, meanwhile, the invitation of the Allies to have a representative of the United States on the Supreme Council, the Council of Ambassadors, and the Reparation Commission. None of these bodies is a product of the League of Nations. Two of them are diplomatic assemblages, one consisting mainly of heads of States, the other consisting of envoys; while the third, the Reparation Commission, on which America will be represented not by an active member but by an observer, is a creation of the Treaty of Versailles. As a result of the skill and common sense of Mr. Hughes, the Secretary of State, the friendly feeling abroad toward America has lately increased.

## THE QUESTION OF REDUCING ARMY FORCES

THE House has voted to reduce the forces of the Army below the numbers estimated as necessary by the War Department. It would seem to be the part of wisdom to combine any reduction of our standing Army with the provision for the building up and training of an adequate reserve, a reserve which by no means should be confined to men who served in the war.

One of the best methods of training men for military service was to be found in the work of the Recruit Education Centers, to which The Outlook has not infrequently referred. The cut in the Army will necessitate the abandonment of these Centers unless special provision is made for them by permitting or requiring trained men to be discharged into a reserve in order that their places may be filled by raw recruits.

A second method has already been modestly provided for by the Govern-

(C) Keystone

THE RHINE CUSTOMS BARRIER IN OPERATION

In accordance with the new demands that have been made upon Germany, the Rhine Customs Barrier came into operation recently, when British customs officers commenced to collect duties under the terms of the Allied "sanction" imposed by the London Conference. Custom houses have been erected along the line roughly corresponding with the line of the Allied occupation, and all goods passing over this line are subject to tax



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment. It is the establishment of summer camps by the Army similar in function to the Plattsburg Camps of pre-war years. This year, instead of relying upon private purses and private initiative, the Government is to hold in each of the nine corps areas of the country camps which will give a month's training to a total of some ten thousand men.

This year's camps are to be the first of a series of three, the second and third to be given to those desiring more advanced training, in subsequent years. It is gratifying to find the labor of General Wood and his friends at last bearing fruit of such high promise.

## BERGDOLL AND HIS BAG OF GOLD

ONE of the most useful of slang phrases and one which is harder to translate into classical English than many others is, "Passing the buck." It is a phrase which has a very wide field for application.

It is a phrase which has been used more than once in reference to the case of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, the escaped draft evader who has now found haven in Germany. It will be remembered that this unsavory individual beguiled the War Department into releasing him in the custody of his lawyers in order that he might look for a pot of gold which he had buried three and a half miles southeast from the end of a rainbow. It may have been a real pot of gold for all that, but as far as the War Department was concerned the chase proved as fruitless as any mythical search for rainbow gold could ever have been.

A committee of the House has been attempting to discover the name of the man definitely responsible for this undertaking. The buck, having been shuttled back and forth, appears to have now found lodgment in the hands of Major-General Peter C. Harris, Adjutant-General of the Army. General Harris, on the plea of Samuel T. Ansell, formerly Acting Adjutant-General of the Army and an attorney for Bergdoll, gave the decisive word which permitted the fugitive's release. So ends for the moment the tale of sentimentality in high places and of official befuddlement.

Meanwhile the War Department is sending broadcast to the country the names of slackers who failed to enroll for the draft and of deserters who, once having enrolled, failed to put in an appearance when their call came. There appear to be numerous errors in this list, errors which have done grave injury to men who served honorably in the war. While the publication of the names of real slackers and deserters is eminently desirable and just, it does not seem right that newspapers should be asked to publish lists of such men without absolute authentication.

## MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE

AN anniversary of unusual interest and significance in the educational world will be celebrated at Mount Holyoke College on May 21, when tribute will be paid to President Mary E. Woolley on completion of her twenty years of service as chief administrator

MISS WOOLLEY, PRESIDENT OF MT. HOLYOKE, AND DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, FROM A SNAPSHOT TAKEN DURING A RECENT VISIT OF DR. ABBOTT TO THE COLLEGE

of the institution. In these twenty years Miss Woolley has not only accomplished great things for Mount Holyoke, but she has done much to further the cause of feminine education and feminine interests everywhere.

When Miss Woolley assumed the presidency of Mount Holyoke in 1901, women's colleges were still regarded with something of condescension. While the curriculum of Mount Holyoke had from the beginning been practically identical with that at Amherst, Williams, and other colleges for men, neither it nor any other institution for women had received fair recognition of its academic standing. To-day Mount Holyoke is registered on the United States Government records as a college of the first rank. A chapter of Phi Beta Kappa has for many years been in existence in the college. Miss Woolley has, it will be seen, in a few brief years, achieved recognition of intellectual equality for the college woman.

Miss Woolley has done much more for feminine education, however, than raising its academic standing. She has by her work at Mount Holyoke broadened the whole theory and practice of college life. Her object has been to develop the "all-round woman;" the woman who is equipped physically, mentally, and spiritually to become a leader. Interest in dramatic art and music, in athletics, in various aspects of social and religious work, in political matters, as well as a proper attention to the purely social side of life, have freed the college girl of to day as she is typified at Mount Holyoke from any charge of being priggish or "defeminized." Education has given to her much and taken from her nothing.

What Miss Woolley has accomplished during the past twenty years should not be judged entirely by what she has done for the College; rather by what the College has done for the Nation. Mount Holyoke graduates, inspired by her example and her influence, are filling important posts in all lines of work. From the home-maker, which comes at the head of Miss Woolley's list of occupations, to the dean of a medical college in China, her students are taking part, and an important part, in the increasingly numerous activities that claim women to-day. While a few years ago they had to force their way into the newer and more untried fields of feminine endeavor, now their services are being eagerly sought after. They have been tried and not found wanting.

Miss Woolley is now engaged in raising a three-million-dollar endowment fund for Mount Holyoke. "The present educational crisis is a most acute one," she said in a recent speech. "The world more than ever before demands trained minds to bring order out of the chaos resulting from the Great War. She demands trained women as well as trained men. Yet such is the financial situation in our institutions for higher learning that not only is further progress impossible, but continuance of the present standards is out of the question, unless additional funds can be obtained."

Three million dollars has been estimated as the lowest amount which will enable Mount Holyoke to keep up the work she has begun. This sum makes no allowance for increased enrollment, even though more than a hundred applicants are each year refused for lack of room. In recognition of what Miss Woolley has done in turning over every June nearly two hundred of the best trained and equipped young women to carry on the work of the Nation, this money must surely be forthcoming.

## BOYS' WEEK AND MOTHERS' DAY

AS was fitting for true Americans, Boys' Week began with a Loyalty Parade. Many thousand boys marched

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# JONES: HE PAYS THE FREIGHT

*Thomas in the Detroit Evening News*

THE JOYFUL PLANTING SEASON

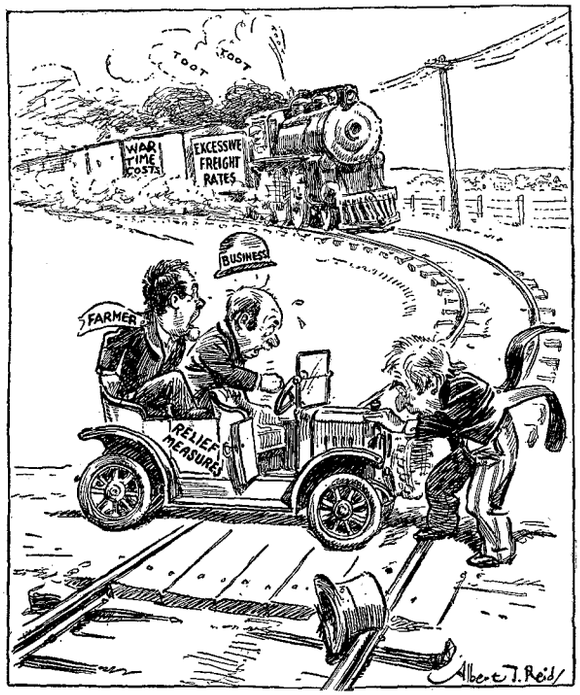
From E. A. Frost, Armada, Michigan

*Perry in the Portland Oregonian*

BADLY IN NEED OF A BETTER-MATCHED TEAM

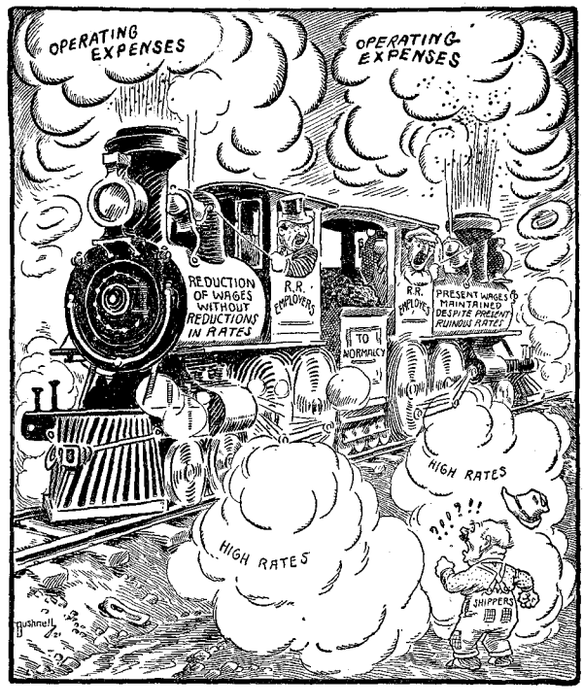
From Mrs. C. C. Ruckles, Kalama, Washington

*Reid in the New York Evening Mail*



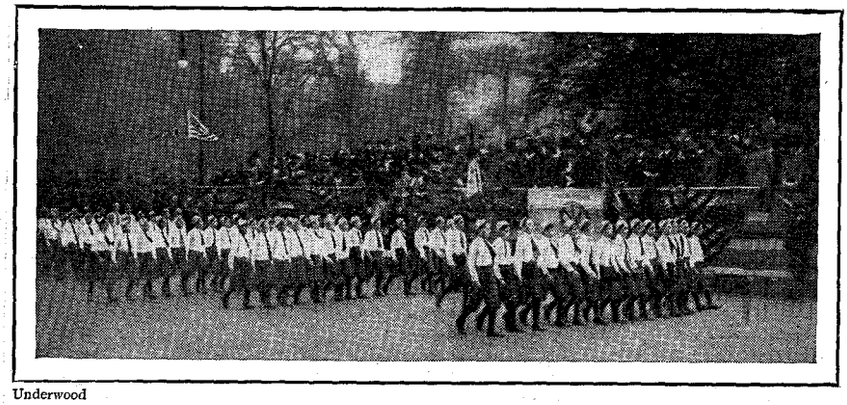

OH, MAN—HURRY!

*Bushnell for the Central Press Association*




PULLING BOTH WAYS FROM THE MIDDLE WILL NEVER GET 'EM ANYWHERE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Underwood

BOYS PARADING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, AT THE BEGINNING OF "BOYS' WEEK"

in this parade in New York City—so many thousand, indeed, that their number seems to have had a disturbing effect on the observing powers of the reporters, for one headline in a metropolitan paper asserts, "25,000 Boys March!" Another of the same date says, "75,000 Boys Parade!" Evidently the enthusiasm and the variety of activities represented were as great as the numbers. The line included, we are told, "public and parochial school pupils, high school students, cadets, neighborhood house organizations, floats, athletes, bicyclists, bootblacks, newsboys, messenger boys, and of course Boy Scouts."

The entire week was admirably planned under the supervision of the Rotary Club. It included separate days for the activities of the boys in churches, in schools, in athletics, in industry, at home, and out of doors. No one could mark the vigor and spirit with which the boys entered into the celebration and the equal interest of their parents and friends, without feeling pride in a country which has such boys and in boys who have such a country. This was the second observance of Boys' Week; it is evident that the institution has come to remain, and that it is to be of value in shaping American citizens, and in organizing all those factors which lead to health, strength, courage, and patriotism among American boys.

Mothers' Day was observed on Sunday, May 8. If there has been any fear that to devote a day to recognition of the beauty and value of motherhood might lead to sentimentalism rather than to right sentiment, it has been dispelled by the good taste and honest feeling that have marked the observance of a beautiful custom. One clergyman preached on Mothers' Day on the subject "Unpaid Bills," pointing out that the most costly things in life are those that cannot be paid for, and foremost among them mother love. Yet mothers and fathers are most surely paid to their own fullest satisfaction as their children grow in character and strength and become young men and young women who recognize this debt, even if it is not paid directly by words.

A pretty custom of Mothers' Day has been the wearing of a white carnation. An odd result has been a little floral economic problem in that on May 1 the price of the white carnation goes up inordinately. Another exceedingly pleasant custom, and one which we hope will grow, has been the writing of Mothers' Day letters by children away from home to their mothers.

Mothers' Day is now fourteen years old, and it is fully established in the popular regard.

## FOREST PROTECTION WEEK

PRESIDENT HARDING recently proclaimed the week beginning May 22 "Forest Protection Week," and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace has written letters to the Governors of all the States asking their co-operation in a Nation-wide observance.

"Adequate provision for the safeguarding and renewal of our forests is of vital importance to the Nation," says Mr. Wallace in his letter. "The magnitude of the area burned over during the past five years represents a territory larger than the State of Utah. Of the 160,000 fires which occurred during that period, eighty per cent were due to human agencies." Unless the rate of burning is materially checked, the menace of a future timber shortage, concludes the Secretary, "threatens to become a present economic fact and spells disaster."

The effects mentioned by Mr. Wallace are reinforced by those noted in a circular issued by the American Forestry Association. It declares that "fires destroy over $25,000,000 worth of timber every year and kill the reproduction upon thousands of acres of forest lands." Already we have a timber shortage, but within fifty years "it will have become a blighting timber famine." Forests can be protected from fire, regrowth can be encouraged, and conservative cutting can be practiced. But it takes from fifty to one hundred years to mature a timber crop. "Forest devastation must be stopped, lands now in forest must be kept continuously productive, and forest lands now devastated and idle must be put to work," concludes the American Forestry Association.

All Americans are agreed that we have shamefully wasted our woodlands. We are, in consequence, suffering from a scarcity of timber. To provide for its protection and reproduction under a comprehensive National forestry policy—outlining Federal, State, and private responsibility—Representative Snell, of New York, has introduced a bill in Congress. Mr. Pinchot, ex-United States Forester, opposes part of it. Colonel Greeley, the present Forester, heartily supports all of it.

## INDUSTRIAL READJUSTMENT

IT is just as much an economic law that wages will go down as prices go down as it is a physical law that water will run down hill. Just now we are having a period of economic readjustment. If production, prices, and wages could move together gradually and evenly, there would be little trouble. But this is never the case. There are inequalities, and sometimes unfair inequalities, in the process. The result is seen in efforts of workers to keep their wages up, in efforts of retailers and middlemen to keep up prices on goods which cost them high, and in efforts of employers to resist the workers in their insistence upon the old high wages.

All this is illustrated strikingly in the Marine Workers' strike, which is still unsettled as we write. The steamship owners, and especially the Shipping Board, which is a great employer, demand a fifteen per cent wage reduction. The union leaders refuse. The matter is taken before Mr. Davis, Secretary of Labor. Neither side seems willing to compromise, yet compromise is the obvious reasonable outcome of the matter.

It is interesting to note how the Government acts as a buffer between the insistence of the unions for full recognition by employers and the aversion of employers to grant such recognition; the Government has no difficulty in dealing with unions as unions and employers as employers. Another interesting feature of this Marine Workers' strike has been the prominence given to the proposal that with a moderate reduction of wages the unions should accept the system of giving bonuses to the workers as a premium for good service and efficiency, the bonus to be regulated by the actual output. This is a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

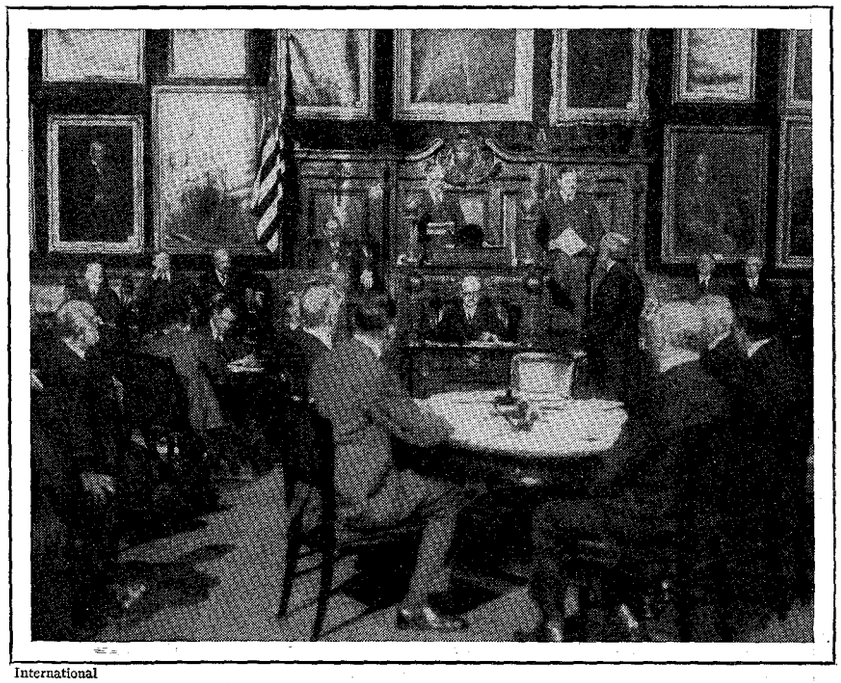
plan which has met with success in various industrial enterprises and one in which many students of industrial questions see future promise.

Another symptom of the unrest due to the necessary but difficult adjustment of wages, prices, and production is seen in the lowering of wages by the United States Steel Corporation. This follows similar action by independent steel producers. The announcement of the Steel Corporation estimates the reduction as on the average about twenty per cent. The basic eight-hour day is retained, with some allowance for time in excess of that day. This excess payment is an important matter in the steel industry, especially if it is true, as is asserted in an interesting article called "Judge Gary's Opportunity" in the current "Atlantic Monthly," that forty per cent of the steel workers are still working seventy-two hours a week, or an average of twelve hours a day for a six-day week.

The steel industry has conditions peculiar to itself; it is said to be in the nature of the work that a small proportion of the wage earners should do skilled work, work long days, and receive comparatively high pay, while the great majority of the workers receive low pay, have in the past worked unnecessarily long days, but have of late received substantial concessions. These seem to be maintained relatively under the new scale, as the twelve-hour men are to be paid for fourteen-hour time.

One writer on the present steel situation asserts that the labor cost alone is $41 a ton, and that, if we are to compete with the steel industry abroad, the market price should be much lower than that, while obviously steel can sell at that price even in America only under the safeguard of high protection.

Despite wars and rumors of war in the industrial world, the indications are strong that the necessary adjustment is taking place and that sound business conditions are being reached. We agree with the New York "Herald" that our industries "are digging themselves out of the ruins of war calamity to a new and sound and lasting condition of productivity, business, employment, and rational living costs."



International

SIGNING THE NEW YORK-NEW JERSEY PORT TREATY

The New York and New Jersey Port Treaty, creating a port authority and a port district to be supervised jointly by Commissioners from both States, was signed on April 30 in the Chamber of Commerce, New York City, in the presence of a distinguished gathering. The photograph shows Governor Miller, of New York, in the rostrum about to address the assembly. The others, in the speakers' stand, left to right, are: Irving T. Bush, of the Bush Terminal Company; ex-Governor Whitman, of New York; Senator William A. Calder, of New York; President Darwin P. Kingsley, of the Chamber of Commerce; Governor Miller; Senator Walter Edge, of New Jersey; ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York; Lewis Pounds, of Brooklyn. William R. Willcox is shown, standing with back to camera, addressing the chair

Underwood

STRIKING MARINE ENGINEERS DISCUSSING THE WAGE CUT ISSUE

Thousands of seamen on the Atlantic coast line went on strike in protest against a fifteen per cent wage decrease. The photograph shows Thomas B. Healey (left), chief of Engineers' Council, addressing a local of marine engineers

## A DUAL-STATE PORT

An illustration on this page shows the main room of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York at 65 Liberty Street, New York City. On the walls of the room hang the portraits of great men in commerce and civic affairs. In this room, at the time when the photograph published here was taken, were the officials who signed a treaty between the States of New York and New Jersey which establishes a new control of the planned development of the greatest port in the Nation.

The signing of the ratification by the Legislature of both States means a consummation for which the Chamber of Commerce has been working for years. The treaty was signed by the New York Board of Port Commissioners and by the New Jersey Commissioners. William R. Willcox and E. H. Outerbridge of the outgoing New York Commission are to attend to the filing of the document in the office of the Secretary of State at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Start of two mile intercollegiate relay race for the championship of America. Are you ready? On your mark! Get set! Bang!

The last relay in the American intercollegiate championship sprint relay race. It is a case of touch and go

Photographs by Sport-Commercial Service

The finish of the one mile intercollegiate relay race for the championship of America. A. Woodring of Syracuse is breasting the tape. We suspect that the enthusiastic gentleman on the left may also be from Syracuse

ONE! TWO! THREE!

FLASHES FROM THREE INTERCOLLEGIATE RELAY RACES AT THE PENNSYLVANIA CARNIVAL GRAPHICALLY PORTRAY THE MANNER AND METHOD OF THESE DRAMATIC CONTESTS

Albany, and the New Jersey Commissioners are to do the same at Trenton. Mr. Outerbridge was recently appointed by Governor Miller chairman of the new "Port of New York Authority," which begins to function on July 1. Ex-Governor Smith and Lewis H. Pounds, who are to be the other members of this body, also signed the treaty. Finally, Governor Miller signed for New York and United States Senator Edge for New Jersey. In signing the treaty Governor Miller called attention to the agreement between the two States to substitute co-operation for the local jealousies and rivalries which had hitherto hindered the development of the port, and said:

> It is impossible to calculate the tax upon industry and commerce generally throughout the country, and the tax upon those who dwell within this district, which is now erected into a port district, of the archaic methods, the expensive and inadequate terminal facilities which for so many years have been growing exceedingly worse as the commerce of this port has increased. We must not forget that we are only making a beginning to-day, but a very great beginning.

This "beginning" is the Port Authority's duty to prepare rules and regulations for the port. Such duty had been apparently abhorrent to the Hylan régime. It had attacked the plan in the courts, but they found that the plan did not derogate from State authority, created no political subdivision, conferred no power to tax and brought into being no rights of government. It did, however, include authority to make proposals for the consideration of the two States, and, in the court's opinion, "unqualified and direct" benefits will result to both parties to the contract.

## THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TRACK MEET

There is no sport which deserves a higher place than track athletics. A track meet perhaps lacks something of the dramatic unity of a great football game or a boat-race, for the attention is centered upon the individual rather than upon the team; but what the track meet lacks in organized co-operation it makes up in brilliancy of particular effort.

The twenty-seventh annual carnival of the University of Pennsylvania, which drew contestants from all over the United States and from France, was notable in this respect. New carnival records were established in eight events. One world's record and one intercollegiate record also were broken. The world's record which fell was that for the 440-yard high hurdles. The honor went to August Besch, of Notre Dame, who cut two-fifths of a second off the previous record in establishing a mark of 53 4-5 seconds for the distance.

The intercollegiate record broken was shattered by G. Dandrou, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who won the 56-pound weight throw with a record of 32 feet and 3½ inches. This bettered the previous record by 10½ inches.

The French team which entered the relay races failed to achieve any notable distinction. It is always difficult for a track team to acclimate itself in a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strange country, and perhaps the French runners did not do themselves justice. A photograph of the French team appeared in The Outlook for May 4.

## INVITING INSURRECTION

WHEN those who possess authority, whether in business, school, or war, or for settling crucial international situations, fail to accept responsibility and dally or delay, they must accept the blame for the inevitable consequences. Authority that is not exercised ceases to be authority. The disturbing and alarming situation in Upper Silesia is only one more instance of the weakness of a policy of indecision on the part of the Allies.

Neither Poland nor Germany nor France is to-day in control of Upper Silesia. That control rests with the Allies, pending the final settlement under the recent plebiscite and the provision of the Versailles Treaty. The Treaty provision as to Upper Silesia, as we have already pointed out, declares that the boundary line shall be drawn by the Allies in accordance with "the wishes of the inhabitants shown by the vote, and to the geographical and economic conditions of the locality." An Inter-Allied Commission has occupied Upper Silesia during the preparations for the popular vote.

The Supreme Council of the Allies must make its decision. It probably was impossible for this decision to be made without due consideration; some delay was necessary; but the turbulent movements in Upper Silesia which have grown out of uncertainty as to the award strikingly illustrate the danger attached to this method of settling the disposition of a country whose people are divided in bitter antagonism. The theory of self-determination is beautiful to some idealists, but its practical working is far from being easy or peaceful. It cannot be forgotten that for sound reasons the Paris Conference once decided to award Upper Silesia to Poland, and that it changed its mind as a concession to the Wilsonian ideas of self-determination, with the results that are now disturbing the peace of Europe.

Under the language of the Treaty, as quoted above, it is admitted on all hands that the mere fact of a majority vote in favor of Germany as against Poland, with the total vote regarded as a unit, does not mean that Upper Silesia must or should be awarded to Germany as a whole. Certain districts, strongly Polish in population, cast heavy majorities in favor of union with Poland. Other districts, largely German in population, voted the other way. That a division line will be drawn is generally conceded. But while the decision hangs fire Polish feeling runs high. Nothing else could be expected in view of the whole history of the question. Nor is it surprising that the Poles, recalling the outcome of d'Annunzio's seizure of Fiume, remembering how the Allies refused to act in concert in behalf of the Russian people and against the usurpers under Lenine and Trotsky, recalling also other cases in which rebellion against authority resulted in the yielding of the Allies on point after point, were driven by national ambition for Poland's future to act outside the law.

We are shocked to read in our papers day by day reports that Germans are firing upon Poles, and (if cable despatches are correct), in at least one instance, on French soldiers; that Poles and Italians have been fighting in Upper Silesia; that German police forces have crossed a frontier and occupy a town evacuated by the forces of the Allies; that Poles have seized mines in territory which they fear may be allotted to the Germans, and that they are aided by bodies of Polish soldiers acting, of course, contrary to official Polish orders. But we should be more shocked when we read a statement in a cable despatch from Upper Silesia that "the Inter-Allied Commission to-day received a despatch from London saying that the Supreme Council had postponed making public the decisions of the plebiscite officials, hoping that this would tend to allay the


CONTEST NUMBER THREE

*"Mine Own People"*

WHAT do you really think of your neighborhood? What is your private opinion of your family? Do you agree with Oliver Herford's dictum: "God makes our relatives; thank God we make our own friends"? We should like to know what kind of environment you live in; does it stimulate or does it depress you? Would you have chosen it if you had had any say about it?

For the best letters on the subject of "Mine Own People" we will award:

*a first prize of Fifty Dollars*
*a second prize of Thirty Dollars*
*a third prize of Twenty Dollars*

Tell us truthfully of your revolts, if any, against your home life; also of your enthusiasms. If you are a woman, what do you really think of your men? If you are a man, let us have a critical estimate of your women folk. What complaints have children of their parents, and parents of their children? Do you approve of your neighbors? Be objective. Don't be introspective. You don't have to be bitter.

*CONDITIONS OF CONTEST*

1. Write your name (add a pen name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 600 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before June 20.
5. We reserve the right to purchase for publication desirable letters not winning prizes.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest.

*Address all contest letters to*

CONTEST EDITOR, THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Polish activities when it became generally known." We may be surprised and displeased also when we read further in the cable despatch the assertion that the Allied Commission is recruiting Germans for aid against the Polish insurgents.

All the statements just quoted are from current newspaper cable despatches. We are not now concerned to maintain the accuracy of all these despatches. Other incidents of a surprising character might be quoted in abundance. Accurate or not, there is substance enough in the accounts to show that Upper Silesia is not only a danger point, but that the danger is not local. How, for instance, can we confidently expect Germany to yield to the demands of the Allies in the matter of reparation or in other ways to abandon her sly policy of delay and avoidance, when she sees that the Allies do not deal with power and promptness in other matters over which they have properly assumed authority?

There are signs that the leaders of the great Allied nations are learning the lesson that they must act with a united front; that they must formulate their decrees, not first to please one nation and then to please another nation, but to insure the safety of Europe and peace that will last; and that they must firmly enforce just decisions once reached.

## WALTER HAMPDEN AND THE AMERICAN STAGE

IT is not often that a foremost actor of the present day ventures upon the hard task of repertoire playing. Indeed, there are few actors and actresses who are even willing to play divers parts. Most of them are content with playing themselves under the thin disguise of various names. Perhaps it is better, as Joe Jefferson said in effect, to cook one dish well rather than to cook many badly, but there will be few to deny that the player of many parts has the greater claim to dramatic honor.

Emphatically of this class is Walter Hampden, an actor who deserves well of the American public, not only for his skill, but also because for many years he has manifested an understanding of that high dignity to which the stage may attain when it is treated with the respect and honor due to a great art. The little theaters and groups of self-conscious players who would arrogate to themselves all the virtues of the present-day drama have yet to produce an actor with the range, power, and purpose of Walter Hampden. Critics who have no good word to say for the commercial stage might well bear this fact in mind.

WALTER HAMPDEN AS HAMLET
At the Broadhurst Theater, New York City

Walter Hampden is now playing in one of the most ambitious repertoires which any present-day actor has attempted. It includes "Hamlet," "The Servant in the House," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Macbeth," and "The Merchant of Venice." "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" we have seen, and the latter at least belongs among the finest productions of this play in recent years. The poetry of "Macbeth" stood forth with unmistakable clearness, but the drama seemed to lack something of that vitality which we associate with the deeds of living men and women—and with Shakespeare's characters. The fact that some passages in "Macbeth" seemed of the stage stagey may have been due to Mr. Hampden's support rather than to any inadequacy in his own presentation.

WALTER HAMPDEN AS MACBETH
At the Broadhurst Theater, New York City

Whether this was the case or not, virtually the same support in "Hamlet" failed to mar Mr. Hampden's presentation of the character which has tested the powers of almost every great actor for three hundred years. Mr. Hampden's "Hamlet" is one which could not have been created save by a profound and devoted student of literature and life. It is an honor to the American stage.

## INCURABLY RELIGIOUS

SOME of the letters received in the War Prize Contest, the results of which were announced in last week's Outlook, indicate that to not a few people the war was a kind of religious earthquake. Its horrors, its selfishness, the sufferings which it brought upon innocent children, the total disruption of social and economic life which followed in its train in many hitherto happy parts of the world, seemed to some people to prove that religion, or at least the teachings of institutional religion, are a mockery. It ought frankly to be confessed that there is some ground for this despondency.

But after a careful reading of all these letters and of many other war experiences that have been printed in various form, and after talking with men and women of all sorts who participated in the war, we are inclined to think that these catastrophic experiences—physical and spiritual—have not darkened but have cleared the atmosphere of the truest religious life. Some weeks ago we received a remarkable letter which confirms this conviction. The Editor of The Outlook had published over his own name, under the title, "What is the Use of Churches and Ministers," a review of a remarkable book, "What and Where is God?" by Dr. Richard Swain. The following letter came in response to that review from President Sniff, of Tri-State College, in the little town of Angola, in Indiana:

> I want to tell you about that book review of yours. The book was Dr. Swain's "What and Where is God?"
>
> Last night our engineering students, about five hundred men, met at their annual banquet. The President of the College, several members of the faculty, and several visiting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

engineers of the Alumni Association addressed the meeting.

Professor Bailey, secretary of the faculty, stood before the body of men about 12:30 A.M. He said he had a peculiar task, which he would not attempt at this late hour without their consent, after fair warning, which he explained in full. In the first place he mentioned the book review by Dr. Lyman Abbott. He mentioned the odd title of the book. He told us that this review had so gripped him that he resolved to commit it to memory and recite it on this occasion if he had their hearty consent. He got their hearty consent at once.

Now a word about these men. Their average is about twenty-one or twenty-two years. They come from all over the world, thirty-five foreign countries and forty-four States. Nearly one-half of these men were in the late war, many of them minor officers. We have chapel service every morning and church services in three churches every Sunday, but these men do not go to chapel or church, barring a few.

This book review is philosophy and theology. I had read it and of course was much interested in the audacious experiment of Professor Bailey. He began. It sounded good to me, but it beat me to see how marked was the attention. They had cheered speakers up to this hour and so far it seemed to me that their interest was fine. But all the time of his delivery of the book review, taking fifteen minutes of time after midnight, there seemed the profoundest of interest. It seemed odd to me. Here were hundreds of men, most of whom could not be persuaded to go into a church, listening to a book review on the subject, "What and Where is God?" intensely interested. How would they act at the close? As for myself, I felt as if I wanted to get up and shout, and call on that crowd to shout. The close did come with the most remarkable task completed, and that audience went into a tumultuous applause, strong and prolonged beyond anything on this occasion. I believe any one in that crowd could have brought them to their feet with one tremendous shout.

From that time to now I have asked myself, Why? There were speeches that were able, and some were brilliant, but that philosophic and theological book review was listened to as nothing else, and I yet say, Why? It proves one thing, and that is that these young men have not driven from their minds all notions of religion. This was a hazardous experiment on the part of our Professor Bailey, but the result has given me new hope for the young men of this day.

We print this letter, not because of the implied tribute to the Editor of this journal—who, by the way, is not aware that we are making it public—but because it is an extraordinary confirmation of the truth of the saying of the French writer Sabatier, who once remarked that man is incurably religious; by which we take it he meant that man is not naturally pharisaical or theological, but is forever interested in the fine and intimate things of the spirit, and in man's relation to what Matthew Arnold called the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness. This truth is also confirmed by the prize war letters published last week.

# FRANCE TO HER COMRADE AMERICA

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

EDITOR OF "LE MATIN," PARIS

IF, at the end of three weeks in America, after having had the honor of seeing her President and the advantage of speaking intimately with some of her statesmen, Senators, and business men, I had a message for the American people, I would give it the form of a prayer. And I think that Mr. Viviani, by whose side I have spent these three weeks, would join me in such a prayer.

This is what we would say:

"We ask you not to believe those who claim that France has forgotten the debt contracted by her towards America. It is a moral debt, because without America we could not have got the Kaiser on his knees, and by now we might be enslaved. It is a material debt that our children and the children of our children will not rest until they have paid.

"*France's signature is good—whether it is to be found on a financial treaty or on a political treaty.*

"*She never goes back on it. She will give her last ounce of gold as she would shed her last drop of blood to live up to her obligations.*

"We ask you not to believe those who say that France is imperialistic. France has recovered Alsace-Lorraine, bone of her bone and soul of her soul; she asks for nothing more. If to-day she still has a powerful, active army, if she is occupying foreign soil, it is not because of any wish on her part to annex territory; it is not for the purpose of appropriating anything, but to enforce payment of what is due her.

> *"France refuses and always will refuse German labor. For five years she had Germans on her soil whose work is there for all the world to see—and it has been enough. . . . We place American friendship above all material or financial considerations."*

"The war did not leave in its train the same ruins and the same destruction in every country.

"*Where are Germany's destroyed cities?*

"*Where are her devastated fields?*

"*Where are her mines flooded by a scientific process, and which cannot be restored before 1930?*

"Life cannot be given back to the dead, but cities may be rebuilt, land again made fertile, mines reopened. Who is to do this? Germany or France?

"We ask you not to believe those who say that France systematically refuses all reparation offered by Germany. France never has refused and never will refuse any raw material that Germany can give to restore seven departments that were destroyed, the area of which equals that of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island combined.

"But *France refuses and always will refuse German labor.* For five years she had Germans on her soil whose work is there for all the world to see—and it has been enough. She does not care to have, in the garb of the worker, the same men who left in their soldier's uniform. She does not care to have foreign workmen who have laid down in advance the condition that if they come to labor in France they are to enjoy the full privileges of French workmen, including that of affiliating with the Federation of Labor.

"We ask you not to believe those who say that we want to involve America in every quarrel, every intrigue, every complication in Europe. We understand perfectly that her desire is to keep away from these, and we shall always be eager to respect her traditions, proclaim her rights, and yield to her fair representations, as we have just yielded in the Yap and cable matters.

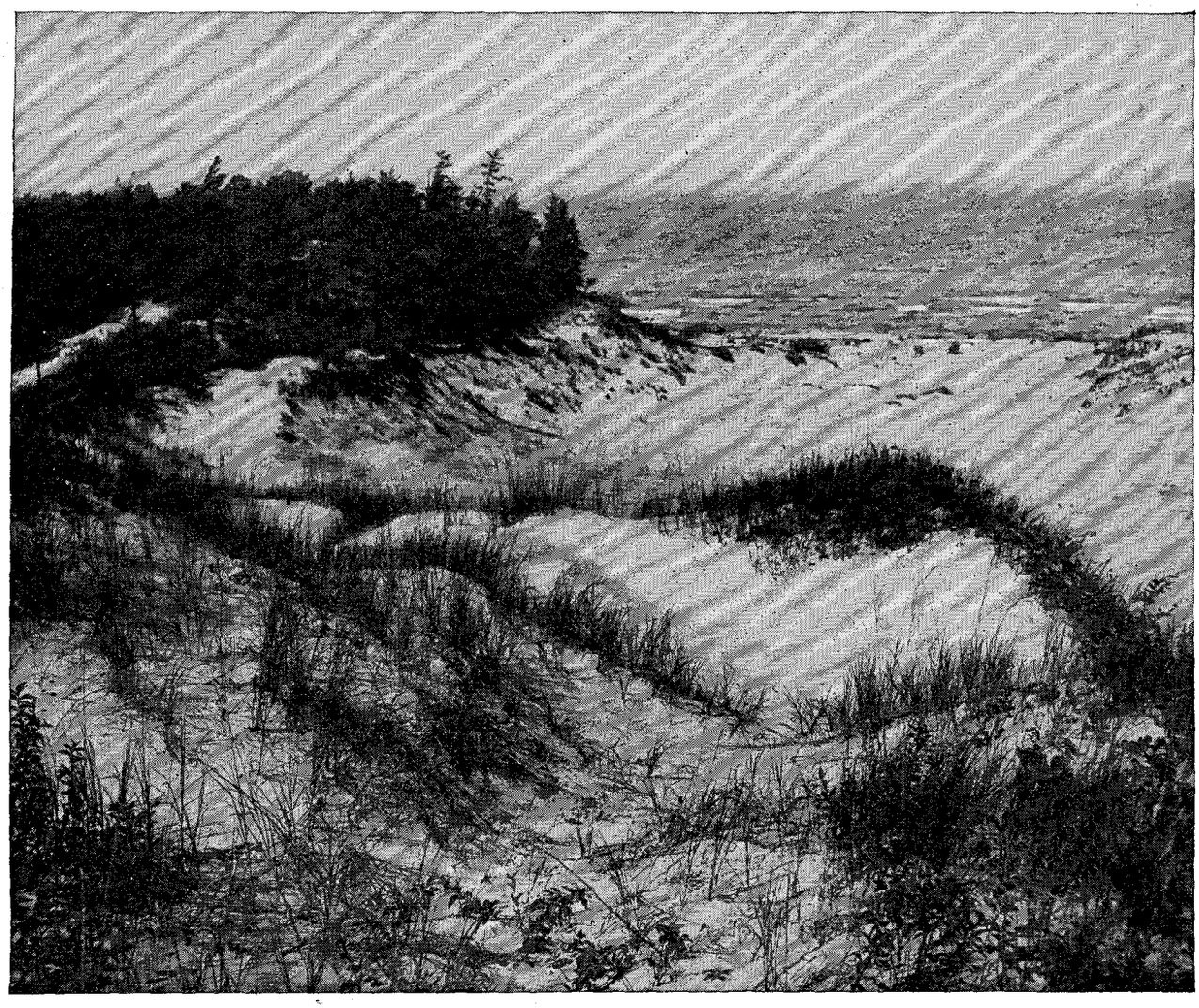
"*We place American friendship above all material or financial considerations.* We do not ask America to take our place in the application of a difficult treaty: we only ask her not to make that application still more difficult for us by encouraging unfair opposition and discouraging our just efforts.

"We ask you to have confidence in us, confidence in our honesty, confidence in our moderation, confidence in our destiny. Even if we were alone in the world, forsaken by all, we would still find in ourselves strength squarely to face that destiny. But we ask you for that moral support which on this earth is sometimes of far greater value than mere material support. *We need neither men, nor boats, nor money, nor pity—all we need is justice.*

"*And we ask you to let justice have full sway.*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE INDIANA



Photographs by A. E. Anderson

In the heart of one of the most important industrial centers of the United States lies a wild and unspoiled region which deserves preservation as a National or State park. It is the dune country of Indiana.

The Indiana sand dunes lie along the shore of Lake Michigan. They are accessible to five million people who live within a radius of one hundred miles. The two photographs presented here give some idea of the fantastic and wind-swept beauty of this land where drifting sand and the armies of the plant world wage an eternal war.

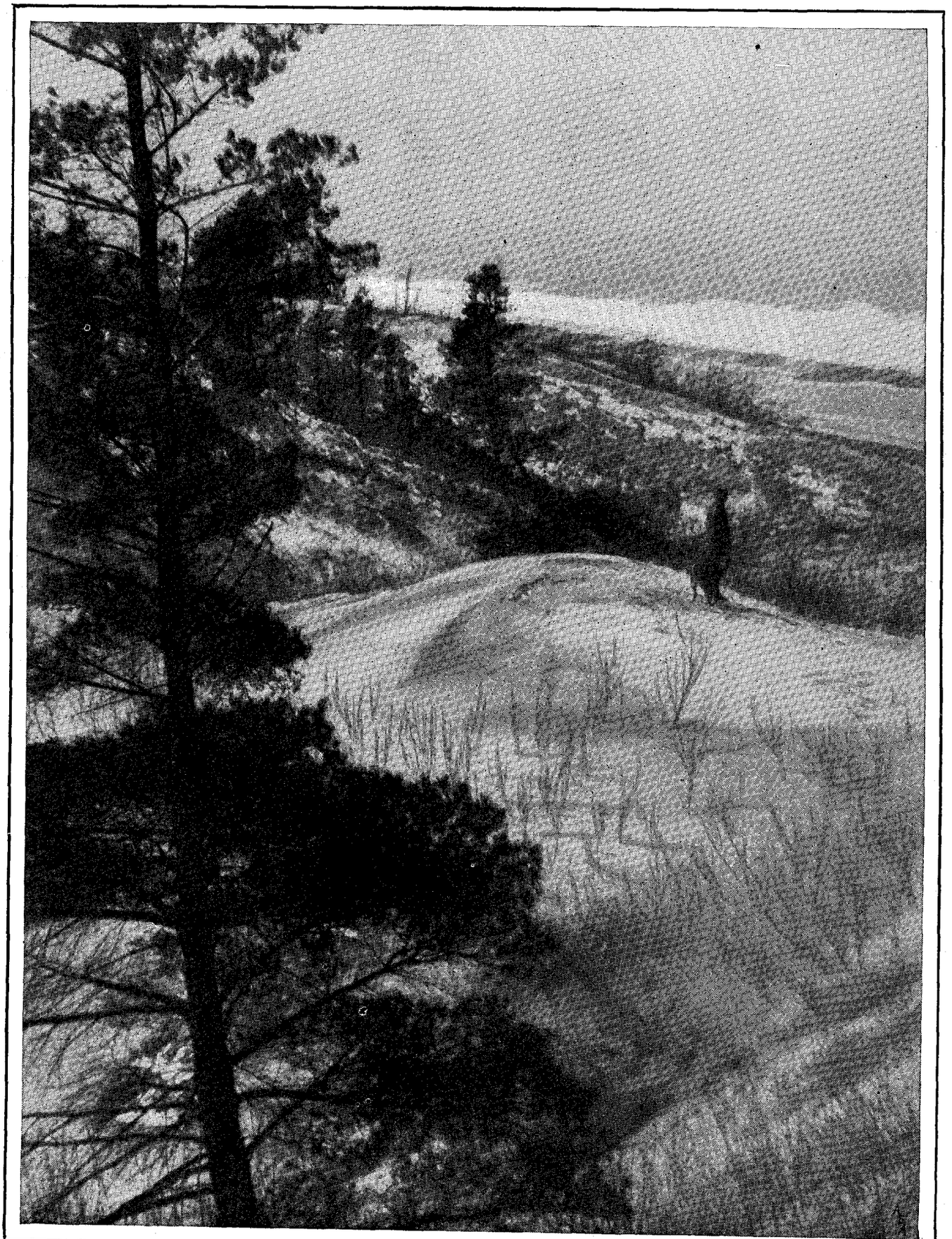
Through this territory ran the old trail from Detroit to Chicago, a trail still well defined. It was over this route that the first military forces marched from Detroit to Fort Dearborn, established on the present site of Chicago, in 1804.

The Indiana Conservation Department has planned a State park in the heart of this dune-land, with an eight-mile frontage on the Lake and a depth of from one to two miles. Governor Warren T. McCray, of Indiana, has agreed to ask his State for $1,000,000—to be appropriated in ten equal annual installments over a period of ten years—provided that citizens interested in saving the dunes match dollar for dollar the money appropriated by the State.

Surely there exists in this project a chance to give to many city dwellers of the Middle West the same opportunity for recreation which the citizens of New York and New Jersey have found in the great Inter-State Palisades Park upon the Hudson River. We cannot believe that the people of Indiana and Illinois will let this opportunity slip from their grasp.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SAND DUNES



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

## BY LYMAN ABBOTT

## PHILLIPS BROOKS, PROPHET OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

PHILLIPS BROOKS

IN the spring of 1889 I received the following letter from Phillips Brooks:

233 Clarendon Street
Boston

May 30. 1889

*My dear Dr. Abbott:*

Professor Peabody tells me that there is some sign of a prospect that you may join our Company of Preachers at Harvard College.

I cannot help saying how thoroughly delightful I should think it if such a thing should come to pass. It is the most interesting work that I have ever had to do. I am sure that, done as you could do it, it would be full of new value and satisfaction.

This being the case—and you having nothing on Earth to do at present—I dare to hope that what the Professor suggests may really come. God grant it!

Ever sincerely yours
PHILLIPS BROOKS

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott.

The "Company of Preachers" to which Phillips Brooks alludes was a group of six, one of whom was a University professor who had oversight of the religious life of the University; the other five were non-residents invited for the current year. Each minister usually preached for four Sundays, conducted morning prayers for four weeks, and after prayers held morning conferences with such students as wished to call upon him. The call to share in this delighted me. But, engaged then in both ministerial and editorial work, I hesitated to take on a new responsibility. Phillips Brooks's letter decided me. From that time until the day of his death in 1893 I was in different years a co-worker with Phillips Brooks in the Harvard "Company of Preachers."

I have known greater orators than Phillips Brooks. Henry Ward Beecher had more stops in his organ; Daniel Webster was more massive, his sentences were more heavily weighted; Abraham Lincoln was more persuasive—no utterance of Phillips Brooks's had the effect on the Nation of Abraham Lincoln's Cooper Union address or the immortality of his Gettysburg address. But no orator I ever heard was more inspirational. A friend of Phillips Brooks, who knew him well, admired him greatly, and possessed rare psychological insight, indicated in the one word "abundance" his distinguishing characteristic. "You will find," said he, "the word abundant in almost every sermon: abundant life, abundant light, abundant grace, abundant goodness." The trees of the Lord, said the Psalmist, are full. Phillips Brooks was one of the trees of the Lord.

Physically he was an impressive specimen of manhood—stood, I am sure, something over six feet in his stockings and could not have weighed less than two hundred and fifty pounds. But he was not corpulent; had not the appearance of carrying an ounce of superfluous flesh. He enjoyed marvelous health. Two years before his death he told me that he had never known what it was to be tired. More's the pity! If he had rested more, he might have lived longer. He never apparently spared himself; rarely, if ever, declined to render a service to the public or to a friend if acceptance was possible; did not, I think, use a shorthand writer in his correspondence until after his election as bishop; all his letters to me were written with his own hand, and with what care is shown by the reproduction of one of them in this article. His beautiful library was on the ground floor of his bachelor home on Marlboro Street in Boston, and visitors were apparently always welcome. When and where and how he read and studied I do not know, but that he was both a careful student and a wide reader is abundantly indicated by his sermons. I asked him once when he did his reading. His reply was characteristic of a man who never talked about himself. "I have," he replied, "a cottage at Andover where I go in the summer. And every year I take up a book and read it there; and—well—the next year I take up another book."

His body was a fit tabernacle for a large mind. He had a wide horizon, intellectually lived in the open country, was interested in large themes. But no themes seemed to him large unless they concerned human life. His intellect always acted under the spur of his emotions; his emotions were always under the control of his intellect. He was never an indifferentist and never an enthusiast.

He was a loyal, consistent, and conscientious Churchman. But ecclesiastical questions did not interest him. In the House of Bishops the newly elected bishops sit in the rear of the church, the older ones in front. In the first meeting after Phillips Brooks's election, toward the close of the session Bishop Henry C. Potter was passing out. Bishop Brooks stopped him with this whispered question: "Henry, is it always as dull as this?"

Mr. Beecher once said in my hearing: "Scholars talk about *essential* truths. Essential to what? Essential to a perfect system, or essential to a perfect life?" The only truths that Phillips Brooks regarded as essential were the truths that contributed something to life. I do not know what Phillips Brooks thought about evolution as a biological theory or whether he thought about it at all, nor what sociological theory of industrial and political development he held, or whether he had



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever formulated for himself any theory. But this I do know: That in the seed he saw the flower, and in the babe the man, and in the tribe the nation; that he believed that life is an end in itself not a means to some other end, as happiness either here or hereafter; that this life of God, this divine life, this Christ-life is possible to men here and now; that it is not something external to man, but an experience in him. Phillips Brooks believed in this life because he possessed it; and it so abounded in him as to overflow, as water out of a great fountain, so irradiated him as to shine out, giving light and life always and everywhere.

It was this life of God in his own soul and this faith that it broods over all men and is manifest in all the natural and healthful activities of man that made him the inspiring preacher that he was. I sat next to him once at a public dinner where we were both to speak on a semi-political topic. He said to me: "I don't know what to say on this theme to-night. Religion is always easy to talk on; it is so natural. Don't you think so?" He was fond of and familiar with architecture. "They say," he said, "that the grotesque gargoyles were put on the outside of the cathedrals to represent the evil spirits being driven out from the house of God. I think it far more likely they were expressions of that humor that is innate in all men and finds expression in our time in newspaper caricatures." And he told me that when his own church was being decorated it was discovered that the painter had put a grotesque figure on the ceiling, and I believe it became necessary to put the scaffold up again in order to take this figure out.

This his faith in the universal presence of God in all innocent and healthful human activities is illustrated by his understanding of children. No grown-up, I think, ever understood them better. He had in some respects a child's mind, which is very different from a childish mind. Jesus said that one must become as a little child if he would enter into the kingdom of heaven. Phillips Brooks remained as a little child after he had entered that kingdom. Staying with a friend, he went up to his room to get ready for supper and did not return. After some delay the lady of the house went up to call him, and found him in the nursery sitting on the floor with the children as his hosts having afternoon tea out of their toy cups and saucers. This was no act of condescension on his part. He enjoyed it as much as they. In his charming letters of travel none are more charming than those to his nephews and nieces.

One incident in my own association with Phillips Brooks which brought us in very close fellowship illustrates his catholicity, his comparative unconcern about ecclesiastical and theological theories, his interest in the various phases of the spiritual life, and his understanding of children.

On January 16, 1890, a Congregational Council was to be held in Plymouth Church to ordain to the Christian ministry my associate, Howard S. Bliss, and to install him and myself as co-pastors of that church. After the death of Henry Ward Beecher there was no man in the Christian ministry whom I revered and loved as I did Phillips Brooks. With some hesitation, I wrote to him, telling him of the expected service and that there was no man whose presence and participation I so much desired as his, yet I did not want to ask him to violate a canon or rubric of his Church, and with them I was not familiar. Could he and would he come? I received in reply the following letter:

Wadsworth 1
December 2, 1889

*Dear Dr. Abbott:*

I know you will not think it indifference or carelessness which has left your kind & welcome & surprising note so long unanswered. It has been only the waiting for that leisure half hour which never comes & which we always keep the delightful delusion of expecting. But I must not wait for it any longer & so, between the students' visits, I will tell you first how truly I thank you for the friendly impulse which made you wish that I should come and take any part in the most interesting service of your installation. I value that impulse of yours very deeply and I always shall. I may most frankly say that there is no man from whom I should more joyfully receive such a token of confidence & affection.

I should like exceedingly to come, I would make every effort to do so. There is nothing I am sure in any Canon or Rubric which would prevent my coming. I am not very wise in Rubrics or Canons, but I do not remember one which says a word about our ministers sitting in Congregational Councils. The only questions in my mind are two. First, about the date. Your letter is not by me here but I think you do not give the exact date, and there are so many foolish promises which I have made to do foolish things in the early part of January that I do not dare to feel absolutely sure of escaping during that time.

The other question is as to the function of a member of an Ordaining Council. I am disgracefully ignorant. I have been nothing but an Episcopalian all my life. What does an Installer do, I wonder. And what would the Congregationalists say when they saw me there?

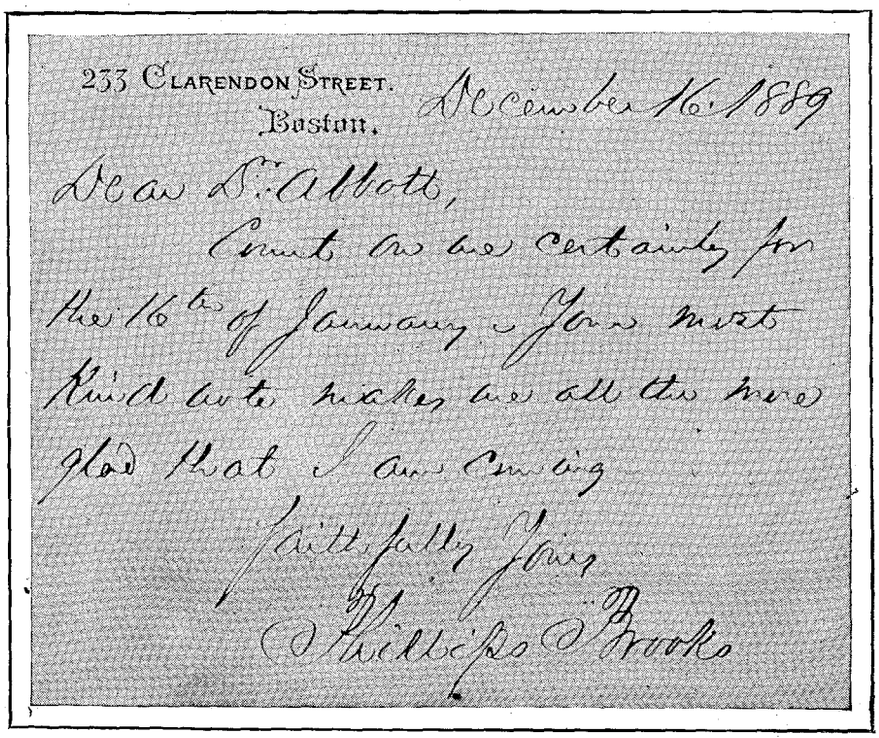
Would it not be better that I should come, if possible, and utter the interest which I really deeply feel by giving out a hymn or reading a Lesson from Scripture at the Installation service? And then if at the last moment something here made it impossible for me to come, perhaps another man might do my important duty in my place and I should be with you in spirit and bid you godspeed all the same.

These are my questions. In view of them, do with me what you think best. I hope I have written intelligently, but since I began to write several of these boys have been in with their big questions which they ask with as much apparent expectation of an immediate & satisfactory answer as if they were inquiring the way to Boston. How delightful they are! We are all rejoicing in the good work which you did here and left behind you. It was a distinct refreshment & enlargement of all that had been done before. We will do our best to keep the fire from going out until you come again.

Meanwhile, I hope I have not written too vaguely about the Council & I am Ever faithfully yours

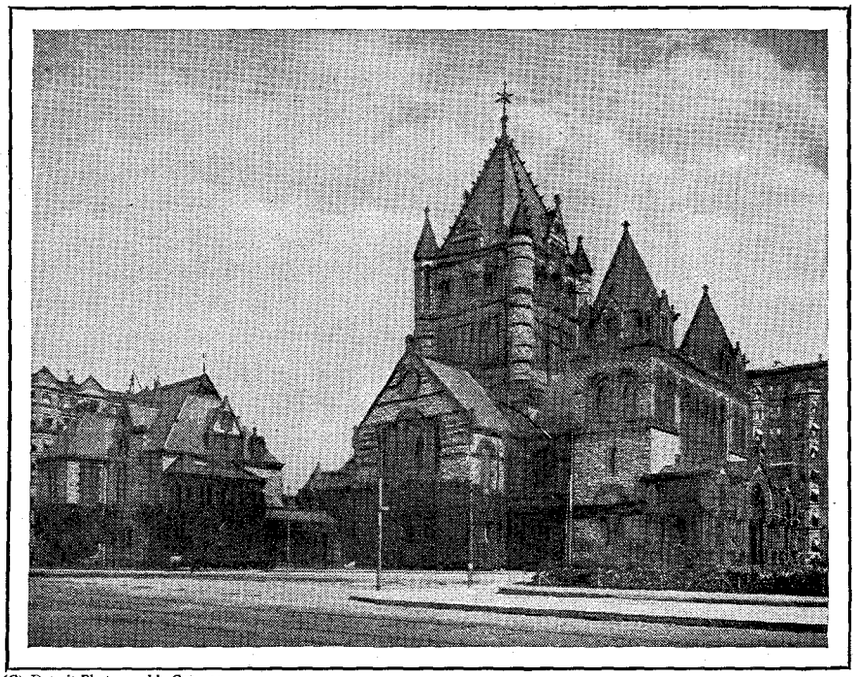
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

He came, and made one of the four addresses of that occasion. It was a characteristic interpretation of the life


233 Clarendon Street.
Boston.
December 16, 1889
Dear Dr. Abbott,
Count on me certainly for
the 16th of January. Your note
kind as to makes me all the more
glad that I am coming.
Faithfully Yours
Phillips Brooks

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM PHILLIPS BROOKS TO LYMAN ABBOTT
Subsequent to the letter of December 2, printed in the text

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



(C) Detroit Photographic Company

TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON, WHERE PHILLIPS BROOKS PREACHED

of the spirit; but nothing in it so much endeared him to us all as an incident in our home, which I have asked my daughter to write for insertion here:

At the time of my father's installation, there was held at our house a luncheon for those who were of the Ordaining Council. I was about twelve years old at the time, and I suppose that my mother thought that it would be a valuable memory for me to have, so she insisted that I should come in and sit in a chair at my father's side during the dessert. Naturally, I was not very enthusiastic about the prospect, for I much preferred playing out of doors to listening to a number of ministers talk theology. Shortly after I had come into the room and taken the appointed place, I noticed a big man who sat, if I remember rightly, about halfway up the table. He was telling father all about the games the little Japanese girls played, and also giving father a description of the Japanese toys. I thought to myself that at least one minister knew what was interesting, for all the others stopped talking and listened too. After the luncheon I tried to slip out of the way, so as to attract as little attention as possible, when I saw that same big man come around the end of the table toward me and I soon found my hand lost in his.

"Would you like to go to Japan?" said he.

"Yes, sir," I gasped.

"We'll go then," said he.

He then took me into the front room and told me more about that part of his travels in Japan which would interest a child. The one thing that remains in my mind is that he said that in greeting each other the Japanese bowed way down to the ground (I think it was the Japanese) and that it was not so hard for them to do it, as they were not so very tall. "It was harder for me," said he, "and very hard for my friend Dr. McVicker, who is just exactly twice as tall as I am." From that time Phillips Brooks was in my mind a "truly friend of mine," although I did not see him again until I was about sixteen. I was staying in Cambridge with my father, when one day he asked me if I would like to go into Boston with him and leave my card on Phillips Brooks, in addition to doing some sight-seeing. We had very little idea that we would find Bishop Brooks at home, but, to our delight, he came to greet us immediately on our sending in our cards. He took us to his study, and what impressed me more than anything else was the contrast between him and some other ministers on whom father had taken me to call. They all were cordial, and friendly, but very soon after the greeting they would talk with father about theology and I would wait with as much patience as I could summon until the call was over. Not so Bishop Brooks. He from the beginning talked about things in which both father and I could be interested. That day, I remember, he told us how the carvings in many of the cathedrals in Europe were the only means by which the artists of olden time could express their sense of humor and he cited instances of the humor in those carvings. After a short call father said we must not keep him any longer. This is my recollection of that conversation:

*Bishop Brooks.* People think that because I am a bishop I am busy. I'm not busy.

*My father.* I feel sure that we have taken as much of your time as we should, and besides I want my daughter to see your church.

*Bishop Brooks (to me).* Now, wouldn't you rather see me than see my church? (*To my father.*) You surely have nothing to do here. It is just because you are so busy at home that you think you must be busy here too.

However, my father insisted that we must go. Then Bishop Brooks turned to me and said: "The next time you come to Boston, bring your knitting work and spend the afternoon."

In both cases, the first time when I was twelve and the next time when I was sixteen, I was impressed by the fact that he took the trouble and was able to understand the interests of others, and so could establish at once friendly relations. He died not long after our last call upon him, and, like thousands, I felt I had lost a personal friend. I had seen him but twice.

How far he was a pastor in his parish I had no means of knowing. To have called systematically on stated days so as to visit every family once a year would have been foreign to his nature. But his acquaintance with God and his sympathetic understanding of men made him a wise counselor in spiritual perplexity and a strength-giving comforter in time of sorrow. The number of students who called upon him in his University ministry evidenced the first; the following incident narrated to me, though not by him, illustrates the second.

A young man who was living with his wife and their infant child in a boarding-house in Boston, trying to save money with which to buy an interest in the business in which he served, attended Trinity Church irregularly on Sundays, sitting in the gallery. His child died suddenly. The young wife was heart-broken and half crazed by the suddenness of the blow. She would not relinquish the babe, but held it in her arms and rocked it as though it were asleep. Nothing he could say had any effect. The motherly landlady suggested that he call on Phillips Brooks. He was reluctant; had never met him, was not a member of his church, nor even of his regular and recognized congregation. But despair for his wife reinforced the counsel of his landlady. He went to the rector's house; found access easy to the rector's study, as did all callers; and before he had finished his story was interrupted. "I will go with you," said the rector. They went together to the house of sorrow, and found the wife and mother still rocking the babe in her arms as though in his sleep. Phillips Brooks leaned over and looked on the sleeping babe. "What a beautiful child!" he said. "Would you let me rock him for a little while?" The mother laid the babe in the rector's arms and he took the mother's chair. Then, responding to a gesture of Phillips Brooks, the husband led the mother from the room. When he returned, Dr. Brooks asked when the funeral was to be, himself proposed to attend it, and an hour after he had gone there came a bunch of lilies with his card for the morrow. The man who wrote, "The priest should be, above all things, a man with an intense and live humanity," illustrated his definition by his deeds. Never, I think, was priest more honored and loved than he.

A few days after Dr. Brooks's death a young man called at my office to sug-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gest that a public meeting should be held in New York in memory of Phillips Brooks. He represented no church, no organization, no committee, and had never spoken with Phillips Brooks, but urged that there ought to be a spontaneous and unsectarian expression of the universal reverence and the universal sorrow. I sympathized with his desire but discouraged his attempt. To organize a great meeting in a great conglomerate city like New York is never easy. To do it without support previously pledged seemed to me impossible. Would I attend? Yes. And speak? Yes. A week later I received notice that the meeting would be held and that Carnegie Hall, the largest hall in the city, had been secured for it. There was still no organization, no committee. There was no extraordinary advertising. But when, on the appointed evening, I reached the place, the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the speakers included a Jewish rabbi, a Roman Catholic priest, New York's most eloquent lawyer, and four Protestant clergymen. The young man was not to be seen ; and I have never seen him since. The speeches were as simple, as spontaneous, and as catholic as the audience. Rabbi Gustav Gottlieb said of the man we came to honor, "He was not bishop of his Church only, he was my bishop also by divine calling and consecration;" the Roman Catholic priest said of him that he "was about his Master's work. He seemed emancipated from all human vanity." And I venture to bring this tribute of affectionate reverence to a close by quoting a sentence from my own closing address on that memorable occasion:

"We have been wondering, Is there any God? And we have been reaching out in nature to find the evidence of him. And suddenly there appears right before us, the divine, shining in one great illuminated nature, in one that is full of God; and while we stood in his presence, while we heard his voice, while we were looking in his eyes and he was looking into ours, then did God come again; then did we realize that God is; then did we feel that God speaks to the heart of man through the heart of man."

# THE MILLER ADMINISTRATION IN NEW YORK

## BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

FOR its own enlightenment and information the country should take notice of the doings at the Capitol of the Empire State during the legislative session just ended. In the first three months of the current year the parliamentary government of the State of New York has functioned as it has not within the memory of any man now living. The chief reason for the swift efficiency of legislative action is one Nathan L. Miller, the Governor of the State. He has shown himself the unusual possessor of the combined qualities of a highly able conservative statesman and a politician of genius. It has been the leadership of his personality which has organized the machinery for the rehabilitation of the Government of New York.

Practically every great department of the State has been reconstructed by statute, so far as it could be accomplished under the present Constitution. In practically every department the old principle of divided authority has been relegated to the scrap-heap and the modern principle of centralized responsible administration has been put into operation. There is a man at the top whom everybody can point his finger at and say to him, whether he does well or ill: "Thou art the man!" In some instances this means enormous potency for autocracy and evil, if things go wrong. For example, all the great finance activities, the revenue collecting agencies of all sorts, are gathered together in one board under a single administrative chairman whose patronage supremacy might become colossal if autocratically used. The power of the Comptroller's office alone in the last campaign nearly made a governor, and the patronage powers of the Secretary of State almost functioned similarly. Under the governmental reconstruction of the new statutes, the powers of these officers and several others are combined in the new Tax and Finance Chairman. If the old order could nearly make a governor, the new order might conceivably make an

"THE CHIEF REASON FOR THE SWIFT EFFICIENCY OF LEGISLATIVE ACTION IS ONE NATHAN L. MILLER, THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE"

emperor. The answer is that the emperor must be made before the eyes of the whole State, and the governor or the party management which made the emperor would probably have short shrift of the voters at the next election. New York is to try out the experiment of whether the best form of modern democratic government is responsible centralization with a democratic check at the polls.

The critics of the new Governor picture him as a friend and helper of the property interests who is not so eager about human rights. They do him an injustice. The governmental philosophy of the Governor, as I conceive it, is the sort of property-interest philosophy which would lay anew, in a time of world-wide social chaos, the economic foundations of an orderly liberty. And there is probably no man in public life in the United States who is so well fitted to undertake the task and show whether the thing can be done. I think myself that the Governor probably lays too much stress upon the validity of the economic motive in human affairs, and not enough upon the validity of the social motive. But that is very largely a theoretical defect, in any event at a time when radical measures of social advance are impractical anywhere in a world which at the present moment seems to have neither the wherewithal to pay for them nor the collective intelligence to manage them.

One of the great measures recently passed at Albany under the leadership of the Governor which has been most roundly denounced for its leaning toward the property interests of the world is the bill creating the Transit Commission which is to tell New York City what it must do with its transportation utilities; agreements, franchises, and contracts to the contrary notwithstanding. Here in miniature is to be seen the intent of the governmental philosophy of the Governor. Swift, solvent, and reasonably cheap communication is vital, not only to the economic welfare, but to the human happiness of the six million people in the greater city of New York. The responsible municipal authorities are leading the systems of communication toward bankruptcy and disaster. The leadership of the Governor, employing the full sovereignty of the responsible State, interposes the heavy hand of plenary power to set the municipal house in order and conserve at once the underlying transportation property interest and the social welfare of the chief city of the New World.

Such an array of notable economies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and reconstructions has rarely been enacted into law by any government within so brief a period. Appropriations have been cut to the quick and several thousands of public employees ousted into the sphere of severer private activity. The appointments to the reconstructed bureaus have been generally of a high order. The agricultural, industrial, and transportation areas of the State have been made subject to a single-minded and responsible direction. A start has been made toward the long-deferred use of the State's water power, under a leasing system of private development but with strict governmental supervision. Plans have been laid for the broad development of the Port of New York in order that it may be at once the haven of many vessels from beyond the sea and a great terminal for the products of the empire of New York as well as of the whole Eastern United States.

An amazing series of forces of a moral character have been set in motion. The wettest State in the Union is under the administration of a Government which proposes by thorough dry enactment and law enforcement to see to it that the Constitution of the Nation is obeyed as nearly as possible to the letter. The motion-picture industry, which is under suspicion throughout the Union as too generally in the grasp of the leadership of greed and gross and careless disregard of decency and worthy American ideals, has been put under a strict film supervision. The legalized graft of hundreds of thousands of dollars every year to favorite and servile party newspapers of the State for the useless printing of session laws has been wiped out amid the wails of the bereft and the despairing. Two measures of immense importance to citizenship were passed, under the sponsorship of Assemblyman Moore, of Westchester, opening the public schools of the State to the voters at primary and general elections and making mandatory the teaching in the schools of the intelligent use of the ballot and the voting machine. Bills, driven through with the aid of the Governor by Senator Cotillo with great courage and against great opposition, which prevent frauds in money transmission by steamship and express company agents will aid greatly in protecting the alien population of New York who send funds to dependents in their native land, who have been compelled by circumstances to deal with unscrupulous sharks in money exchange, and who, together with their families abroad, have been robbed of their earnings because of the lack of efficient regulation of the agents of companies doing a transmission business.

In my judgment, there were at least two steps backward. The Anti-Sedition Bills, designed to compel teachers to take a special oath of loyalty and to compel the State Commissioner of Education to license all private schools, may do good in individual instances, but are susceptible of employment as engines of repression by a reactionary ruling cabal behind the Government. The return to the unchecked political convention for State and judicial nominations also has its possibilities of harm. There is no doubt that a great commonwealth like New York is likely to be politically sounder with the organized leadership of the great State-wide party conventions; but the political State convention, without the veto power of the rank and file in the direct primary, has been repudiated by forty-eight States of the Union after a gigantic political upheaval. The danger is that the party managers, without the direct primary check upon them, will recur to their natural habits of irresponsibility and autocracy.

In its deep significance the Miller administration in New York is already worthy of the study of the political historian of our times. It exhibits the great ability of constructive conservatism rather than the stupidity of reaction. It strengthens genuine property interest generally, and is only very slightly open to the charge of playing favorites with any particular interest. It seeks to lay in State government the basic foundations of efficiency and order. It is not primarily, or perhaps even secondarily, concerned about the advanced measures of liberalism which have had the attention of the country for a generation. But what it is actually doing is to prepare government and society for social advance and progress which will come again when government and society are able comfortably to pay for and wisely to manage the activities of advancing liberalism.

# THE LAUGHING ELEPHANT

## A TALE OF THE CLIPPER SHIPS

### BY MEADE MINNIGERODE

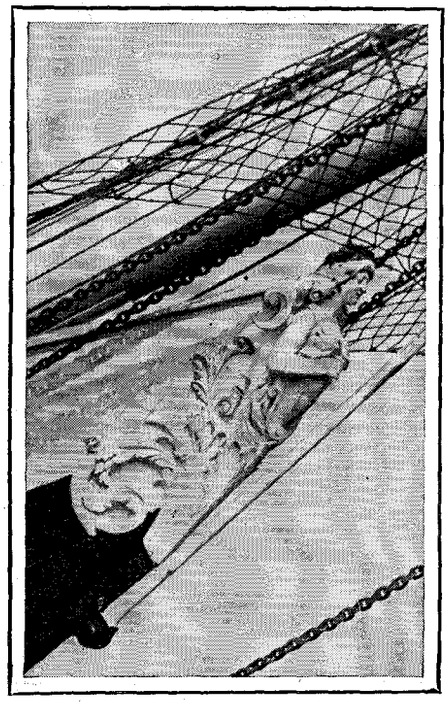
HE was a wonderful robin's egg blue, speckled with pale green, and he stood very straight, with his legs close together and his toes turned out. His tusks were creamy white, and his back was pleasantly arched, as though he were waiting to be scratched.

". . . back all lound, all same cat!" as Ah Fung had said.

In behind his ears and under his stomach the skin hung in heavy china folds and his twisted trunk was all creased. He held his head a little to one side, and smiled engagingly from a long pointed lower lip, over the edge of which his tongue came forth impertinently. Aside from all this he was hollow and emitted bronzelike noises when rapped upon.

In other words, he was a blue-porcelain elephant, a Min Hsing elephant, and he lived on the dining-room mantelpiece in Felicity Parsons's house near the Bowling Green, to the great delight and wonder of her little son, Matthew.

"See him, mother? He looks as though he were all the time laughing at something, doesn't he?" Matthew would say.



"Yes, dear. I expect he thinks we're very queer and funny. . . ."

Which was not what the Min Hsing elephant was laughing at, at all.

Gamaliel Parsons had brought him back from China, or some such outlandish place, along with a chestful of other gorgeous treasures — the ivory chessmen, and the Mandarin coat, and the Malay *chenangka*—on one of his voyages from the Orient. His last voyage in the Felicity Belle, as a matter of fact, before he took command of the Hooglie and began cutting down the record for the New York to Canton run, back there in 1825.

"Picked this up out there—Foochow, Ningpo perhaps—I forget just where," he said to his wife, without telling her any more about it than he had about that black-and-gold lacquered box with the three gold seals and the heavy red-silk tassels, on the middle shelf in the mother-of-pearl cabinet.[1]

But he never told her the real story of the black-and-gold lacquered box because, after all, there was really nothing

[1] The real history of the lacquered box will be told in another issue.—The Editors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to tell, whereas when it came to the Min Hsing elephant it was another matter. He passed over its history because there would have been entirely too much to tell!

". . . *goede Hemel!*" as the Dutchman had said.

All about that night at Parangambalang, and the laughter of Ah Fung, and the fearlessness of Mijnheer Jan Pieterszoon van den Bosch. . . .

And the utterly reckless folly of Mijnheer Gamaliel Parsons. . . .

Felicity would have turned pale at these things and fretted her life away over them during each successive voyage. There was no use in telling her about them at all.

Nor about Maimunah, sitting in the dark with her *tumbok lada*, her stabbing dagger. . . .

No. There was no sense in telling Felicity about these things—but the Min Hsing elephant knew all about them, and sat there all day long on the dining-room mantelpiece of the little house near the Bowling Green, laughing at them. . . .

GAMALIEL PARSONS had followed the sea ever since he was fifteen years old, when he ran away in a schooner to Baltimore. And long before that he had breathed the air of ships and filled his mind with the spicy talk of seafaring men when as a little chap he had been allowed to scramble all over Mr. Samuel Ackley's yard at the foot of Pelham Street, on the East River, where his father worked as a ship-builder.

The shaping of hulls, the stepping of masts, the intricacies of knight-heads and aprons and breast-hooks, were all matters of absorbing interest to him, and he spent hours playing with ends of rope, fashioning sheepshanks and catspaws, stopper knots, spritsail sheets, and grommets.

". . . let the strands follow their own parts around, walling first, then crowning—that's it, don't forget the whipping. . . . " Gamaliel knew exactly what was meant by all that.

Hours, too, he spent listening to the spinning of yarns by men who had been to the ends of the earth and expected to go there again—to China for opium and silk, to Sumatra for pepper, up and down and around Africa after gum and palm oil and ivory, back from Arabia with coffee and from South America with hides, out to Malaysia for nutmegs and spices, and to mysterious Japan to load copper and bronze and gold, porcelains and lustrous woods. . . .

Zanzibar, Foochow, Batavia, Madagascar, Amoy, Valparaiso, Mauritius, Canton, Mocha, Talcahuano, Bencoolen, Nagasaki, Calcutta, . . . the Cape of Good Hope, Anjer Point, Malacca Straits, Diamond Head, Fayal Roads, the Inland Sea. . . .

Such names as these they were that rang in his ears with a booming of temple bells and stirred his senses with their hint of spice-bearing breezes.

And then, again, hours listening to the sailor songs floating up from the wharves, and from the decks of vessels dropping down the river, outward bound. . . .

I love a maid across the water,
*Aye, aye, roll and go!*
She is Sal herself, yet Sally's daughter,
*Spend my money on Sally Brown.*

Seven long years I courted Sally,
*Aye, aye, roll and go!*
She said, Oh, boy, why do you dally?
*Spend my money on Sally Brown.*

So I courted Sal, her only daughter,
*Aye, aye, roll and go!*
For her I sail upon the water,
*Spend my money on Sally Brown.*

Oh, Sally lives on the old plantation,
*Aye, aye, roll and go!*
A member of the wild goose nation,
*Spend my money on Sally Brown. . . .*

and "Lowlands:"

I dreamt a dream the other night,
*Lowlands, Lowlands, hooray, my John!*
I dreamt I saw my own true love,
*My Lowlands, hooray!*

I held her in a fond embrace,
*Lowlands, Lowlands, hooray, my John!*
And kisses pressed upon her face,
*My Lowlands, hooray!*

But then awoke to hear the cry,
*Lowlands, Lowlands, hooray, my John!*
"Rouse out the watch, ho, watch, ahoy!"
*My Lowlands, hooray. . . .*

and "The Golden Vanitee," and "John's Gone to Hilo," and "Hame, Dearie, Hame," mournful and slow—

. . . oh, dearie, I am coming, the wavelets gently sigh,
Oh, dearie, I am waiting now, the echoes quick reply,
As across the bounding billow my ship is sailing free,
For it's hame, my dearie, hame, for it's there I want to be!
And it's hame, dearie, hame, oh, it's hame I want to be,
My topsails are hoisted, and I must out to sea,
For the oak and the ash and the bonny birchen tree,
They're all a growing green in the North a Countree. . . .

All through those early years Gamaliel cherished the hope that some day he too would sail blue water and run a ship into some glistening port of China or Japan; and after he had run away to sea and served his turn on the far-famed privateer Chaser out of Baltimore, in the great adventure of 1812 his wish came true.

HIS first voyage to the Orient was on a ship belonging to Mr. Benjamin Moore, which was all the more fortunate, since Mr. Benjamin Moore, besides being one of the foremost merchants of the port, was also the father of Miss Felicity Moore, the reigning belle of New York—and if anything could possibly have kept Gamaliel away from his ventures it would have been the twinkling brown eyes of Miss Felicity Moore.

It was on that first voyage that he made the acquaintance of the inscrutable Ah Fung, a silently moving, silk-robed Celestial gentleman, shrewd merchant and patron of the arts, a lover of peacocks and porcelain, and still of an age to breathe deeply at the thought of adventure. A North Chinaman, sturdy and tall, speaking his Mandarine Chinese with a scholar's pride, who through circumstances of trade had settled in Foochow.

". . . *deh meng chang yuen buh chi shi wei o hsin so yuen* . . . I will play to pleserve your fiendship!" Ah Fung had said to Gamaliel at parting.

"All right, Ah Fung—look for you next trip," Gamaliel replied. "*Hsie hsie ni* . . . thank you!"

It was in Foochow also, in Ah Fung's *hong*, in fact, that Gamaliel met Mijnheer Jan Pieterszoon van den Bosch, the fat little captain of the Dutch East Indiaman from Batavia.

"*Goede Hemel!*" the latter exclaimed to Ah Fung, sitting where the wind from three *punkahs* fanned his perspiring forehead. "But a child he is, a *jongen*, and already he speak of becoming a *bruidegom* and a *kapitein*—he will marry and command a ship! *Is het mogelijk!* Can it be true?" Gamaliel of course was only eighteen.

"In Amelika it is childlen who seek and find," murmured Ah Fung.

"*Pas op, Mijnheer!*" the Dutchman laughed, shaking like a plate of jelly. "Take care! In *bashasa Malayu*, in the tongue of Malaya, we say, 'A house where the wife rules is as a boat steered from the bow'!"

"My house and my ship are two very different things," smiled Gamaliel.

"*Ni kan!*" said Ah Fung. "See, he has wisdom, . . ." and they both smiled back at the handsome youth with the frank eyes and the laughing speech who had come to them across the oceans.

Three years later Gamaliel sailed again for the Orient, in the Felicity Belle, his own ship, purchased out of his privileges and commissions, a giant of some three hundred tons, schooner rigged, mounting four guns. He did not see the Dutchman that time, but at Foochow he took Ah Fung aboard, and together they sailed for Japan, to do business with the Shogun.

It was on that occasion that the black-and-gold lacquered box was given to him under an orange moon. Nothing that could be told of afterwards without losing its charm in the telling. Nothing to tell, really, anyway.

"*Ah buh yao gin!*" as Ah Fung scolded him afterwards. "Oh, no, nothing at all! And those many men with bows and allows seeking for us in the galden. They vely angly, make chop head vely much quick if catch. You go by Amelika now, vely quick, please."

"Rubbish, Ah Fung! See you when I come back," Gamaliel laughed at him. "Wait a minute. What was that she said again, *omae wa suki da*. . . . I like you?"

"*Buh yao hu shwoh!*" chattered Ah Fung. "Do not talk lubbish. I do not lememba what she say!"

"Well, no, of course—she didn't say it to *you*," grinned Gamaliel.

When he returned from that voyage, rich with the cargo of copper and silk which he had wheedled out of the Shogun, chiefly by a process of firing off

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

salutes in his honor, Gamaliel married Miss Felicity Moore. Whereupon for a time, even as Mijnheer van den Bosch had warned him, his boat was as one that is steered from the bow.

Shortly after little Matthew was born, however, in 1821, Gamaliel turned his face once more to the Orient. He was now twenty-four years old, and rapidly approaching the term of life when seasoned blue-water veterans of his day began to think of retiring from the sea and turning over the command of ships to more youthful successors. But Gamaliel had drunk too deeply of the cup of enchantment in distant flowery lands, and the green-pagodaed horizons were calling to him in the dusk.

HE said good-by to Felicity, gave little Matthew his finger to hold for a moment, and took the Felicity Belle down the bay, outward bound. . . .

. . . so gayly let your voices ring,
My Johnnies, heave away,
*Heave away, my Johnnies,*
*Heave away!*
We're bound to go, so better sing,
Than pipe your tears away.
*Heave away, my Johnnie boys,*
*We're all bound to go. . . .*

He had hardly dropped his anchor at the Pagoda Anchorage in Foochow when the excellent Ah Fung was alongside in his sampan, smiling greetings.

". . . *hsi keh lai liao!* You vely welcome guest!"

"Hello, there! *Ai tung ni shwoh hwa,* Ah Fung! *Ping an mo?* How do you do? I have a son nearly six months old!"

"*O hwan hsi deh hen*—I am filled with joy! I conglatulate you—*gung hsi ni!* He will be sea captain vely soon, all same father, yes, no? I am filled with joy. . . ."

But it was far from being a joyful Ah Fung who sat in the cabin of the Felicity Belle shortly afterwards, exchanging news with his friend. He seemed troubled and forlorn, and his resonantly flowery phrases were so many reticences covering up his thoughts.

"What's the matter, Ah Fung?" Gamaliel asked him. "You don't look well."

"Me vely well," the other assured him. "Business him glow, by leapings and boundings."

"Well, that's good," smiled Gamaliel. "But just the same, you don't seem yourself, somehow. I shall ask van den Bosch about you."

Ah Fung rearranged his hands in the folds of his sleeves and gazed mournfully at Gamaliel for a moment. Then, just as the latter had been expecting, he began to speak, in an expressionless voice.

"I had an elephant!" he announced.

"A what. . . ."

"An elephant—a *gajah*—elephant, yes, no?"

"Surely—what on earth were you doing with an elephant?"

"Him blue elephant," said Ah Fung, and sighed. "Back all lound, all same cat."

"*Blue* elephant!" exclaimed Gamaliel. "Look here, what's the matter with you?"

"Him vely fine blue elephant," Ah Fung continued. "*Min Hsing* elephant. Vely fine polcelain."

"Oh, porcelain," laughed Gamaliel. "Why didn't you say so?"

"Me lose elephant," said Ah Fung, and sighed once more.

"Well, that's too bad," Gamaliel consoled him. "I'm sorry. How did you lose it?"

"Him come North China, flom tomb of ancestols. Vely fine, vely old, vely plecious. Bling him in ship, *chwan,* junk. Him lose in ship."

"But it must be somewhere on board," insisted Gamaliel. "Have you looked carefully?"

"No can look in ship," said Ah Fung.

"Why not?"

"Me lose ship, all same elephant!" Ah Fung explained. "One vely fine junk."

"Lost your *ship!*" cried Gamaliel. "That's another matter. Too bad. Storm?"

"No. No stolm. Him vely calm sea. Me vely solly—it not happening in lough sea."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Vely bad Chinamen sail him vely fast ship—one, two, thlee—all same lobbers—cleep up when sea him calm—fight like helly!"

"You mean pirates?"

"Yes, pilates. Take him ship. One man make him lun away in sampan, bling me news. Me lose Min Hsing elephant. Me vely much solly. *Dje go szi ou ren!*"

"Isn't that just like you?" Gamaliel scolded him. "Tell your story all backwards. Something about an elephant, and all the time it was a ship you lost!" And of course in the eyes of Gamaliel a ship was of infinitely more importance than a mere porcelain elephant, however blue.

THREE days later who should come rolling into the *hong,* with a tremendous *woo hoing* of breathless sedan-chair bearers, than Mijnheer Jan Pieterszoon himself.

"*Heisa!*" he exclaimed, gleefully, after shaking hands enthusiastically with Gamaliel, whom he hailed as the "*jongen bruidegom*" with great outbursts of thunderous laughter. "Such a sight I see, five, six days ago! *Luister*—listen—and I will tell you. I come from Batavia, yes, for business, *perkara,* in Amoy, Foochow. . . . On the way I bass a junk, yes. *Helaas,* she was a brisoner."

"A captive junk!" exclaimed Gamaliel, looking at Ah Fung, who made no sound.

"*Ik vrees van wel*—I fear it is so. All around her Chinese *lorchers,* sea-robber boats, yes, and they make feasting on board—a fine junk, *helaas.*"

"Couldn't you have recaptured her?"

"*Ei,* there were many *lorchers,* and I haf a rich cargo. What to do with a Chinese junk, in Heaven's name? No, but *luister,* and you shall laugh. *Plotseling*—suddenly from behind the land, yes, there come many boats, Malay *praus*—they sail for the junk, and they attack, *mangamuk,* upon the *lorchers, verstaat gij mij?*"

"Yes, I understand," said Gamaliel. "Malay pirates against Chinese pirates. He laughs best who laughs last, in other words."

"*Ya*—one *perumpak* against the other. Such a bleasing sight!"

"And who make him vely much laugh when finishing?" asked Ah Fung suddenly.

"*Allah!* The *Malayu, natuurlijk!* They fight like devils, *pangamuk!* I do not remain near—*ik heb erge haast*—great hurry, but when I go the *lorcher* birates were leaping from the deck, *sa lekas lekas,* all together, *plof-plof!*"

"Large junk, was she?" asked Gamaliel, who was watching Ah Fung.

"*Ya,* a fine junk, with green and gold eyes in the bows, three masts—a dragon on the stern—*ya,* a fine junk."

Ah Fung sighed gently in his corner.

"They will take her to Parangambalang," went on the Dutchman. "If they do not lose her themselves. They were Parangambalang *praus,* I would swear to it. Almost I swear I recognize that fat *perumpak* Ismail in the foremost *prau,* with his red *sarong.* But no matter—I haf much laughed at that *perkara.* But she was a fine junk!"

"Vely fine junk," said Ah Fung suddenly, without stirring. "With eyes, gleen and gold, and a dlagon. Me vely solly lose—him callying Min Hsing elephant. . . ."

"*Heusch!* An elephant? . . ."

"Me like vely much make him last laughing with *pelumpak* Ismail!"

"Well, and why not be the last to laugh?" asked Gamaliel, after they had explained matters to van den Bosch, with many interruptions.

"*Wah bela!* How unfortunate! . . ."

"He seems to care more about this precious elephant than he does about the junk. . . ."

"Him vely plecious elephant!"

"*Sayang!* An elephant, you say? *Je verbaast mij*—I am surbrised. . . ."

"Something should be done about that Parangambalang settlement," went on Gamaliel. "You Dutch are too easy-going. Ought to blow that pirates' nest out of the water once and for all."

"*Baik!*" laughed the Dutchman. "The *jongen* here, he will tie the bell to the neck of the cat!"

"Well, I most certainly will!" exclaimed Gamaliel. "Now listen here. . . ."

For a long time they talked, under the *punkahs* in the shadowy *hong,* the Dutchman stolid and perspiring, Ah Fung alertly attentive for all his motionless silence. And Gamaliel now very much in earnest, as will happen when one forgets one's position and responsibilities, and remembers only that one is twenty-four, with a good turn to do for a friend.

". . . *heel goed,*" van den Bosch said finally. "I will go to Parangambalang. Me they will not attack. If the junk is there, I will wait—or I will find out what they do with her. If I am not there, it is that Ismail did not take her."

"That's it. Find out all you can, and don't do anything until I come. . . ."

"*Allah,* not I! I am good friend with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ismail. I go to Parangambalang for *perkara* only—*perkara* in shpices!"

"Of course. And then I'll drop in there too, just for *perkara*, you understand, *perkara* in spices—and elephants—and possibly a junk or two! You don't have to help me, Jan, and spoil your trade, but perhaps you can get in somebody's way at the right moment."

"*Het is mogelijk*," smiled van den Bosch. "It may be—so fat and clumsy am I!"

"You make him vely much tlouble, my fiend," objected Ah Fung.

"Rubbish!" grinned Gamaliel. "They need a lesson down there—and we'll have a good laugh."

"*Gij hebt gelijk—ya*, that is so. . . ."

Some six weeks later the Felicity Belle nosed her way into the mouth of the Parangambalang River, through the sand-bars, past the banks of deep black mud covered with mangroves, and cast her anchor before a mist-hidden marshy shore fringed with Casuarina trees. Behind this strip stood the luxuriant forests, and above them the peaks of mountains, with here and there a reddish cliff showing through the greenery.

From around a bend in the river came a persistent sounding of gongs, and near by in the stream, riding lazily at her anchors, stood the Oost Indie, surrounded by native *praus*.

"He has waited," observed Ah Fung.

"*Bejour, Mijnheer!*" smiled van den Bosch when he came aboard a few minutes later. "Tuan Ismail rings gongs for you!"

"Well?" asked Gamaliel.

"*Nauwelijks*," replied the Dutchman. "So, so—the junk is here, yes, around the bend. A shtranding, says that *perumpak* Ismail! And while he lies, yet he shpeak true."

"What do you mean?"

"She is shtranded now—on the bank. To get her off *is het niet mogelijk*—to try is wasted breath, like writing on water."

"Isn't that the devil? . . ."

"It make not tlouble," said Ah Fung. "Pelhaps elephant him not stlanded."

"*Baik!*" exclaimed Jan. "*Luister*—about the elephant. I have seen. Ismail take me to visit the junk, yes. He has taken everything from her, but the elephant—blue porcelain, yes—he stands in the deck-house."

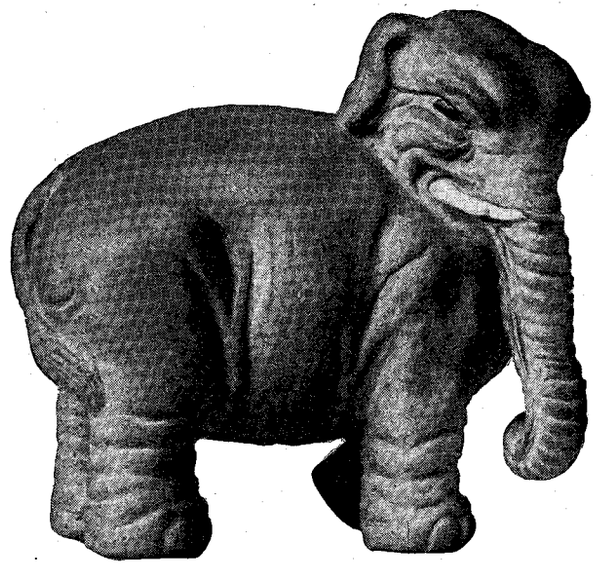
"Him not bloken?" asked Ah Fung. "Him vely fine blue Min Hsing elephant, vely plecious. . . ."

"*Integendeel*—not at all. *Luister*, Ismail has given the junk and the elephant to Maimunah for a bresent."

"Who's Maimunah?"

"She is *anak parampuan*, a *putri*—princess, very beautiful. Ismail he sing *pantun* to her in the moonlight—love poems. He has taken everything from the junk, but the elephant remains as a gift to Maimunah."

"That is one vely funny thing," announced Ah Fung. "Alleady I make gleat laughing!" and presumably he did, although his expression did not change, and he made no sound.



"*Baik!* There is a funnier thing. Maimunah, she takes the elephant, and sometimes she sits in the junk to watch the stars—but she put her fingers in her ears when Ismail come with his *pantun*. He is as an owl sighing for the moon. A fat owl!"

"I make gleat laughing!" Ah Fung repeated solemnly.

"What will you do, Tuan Parsons?" asked van den Bosch. "The junk you cannot get, except to burn. It is very good *perkara* here in shpices—it would be a pity to destroy, just for an elephant."

"Oh, I won't destroy it," said Gamaliel. "I promise not to hurt your trade. First, I'll do *perkara* with His Nibs myself—in spices—and then I'll see about the elephant."

Very satisfactory *perkara* it was too, *pekuls* and *pekuls* of it, after the first endlessly solemn interviews on the quarter-deck between himself and the portly Ismail, with the Dutchman presiding. Ah Fung, for his part, kept out of sight during these visits of the red saronged chieftain to the Felicity Belle, and burned incense to his joss for the return of the Min Hsing elephant.

The very first night, as they were sitting under the stars after the day's work, watching the dancing fireflies, the *kelip—kelip*, there came floating across the water the long drawn-out echoes of a song, tremulous and yearning:

*Brappa tinggi puchok pisang,*
*Tinggi lagi asap api.*
*Brappa tinggi gunong me—lentang,*
*Tinggi lagi harap hati. . . .*

"Ismail," chuckled van den Bosch. "He sings *pantun* to Maimunah. . . .

The banana stem, however high,
Higher still the smoke of fire.
The mountain range, however high,
Higher still my heart's desire. . . .

And brobably she sleeps, and only the blue elephant hears!"

"Where is the elephant exactly?" asked Gamaliel.

"In the deck-house, on the shelf, yes—towards the bows. Sometimes Maimunah comes there. Sometimes in daytime, sometimes at night. There is no telling. Always Ismail watch the junk, yes—in the jungle there are many eyes also."

"And I suppose he's floating up and down out there every night? The watchers pay no attention to a *pantun* singer. . . ."

"*Baik!* Every night, yes. Three nights from to-morrow he goes to Pajarak for a wedding, so there will be no *pantun* on that night for him, but otherwise every night."

"I see," mused Gamaliel. "Listen, there's the song again—write the words down for me, will you? . . ."

On the third night from the morrow, Mijnheer van den Bosch sat up suddenly, very wide awake in his cabin. Across the water came the echoes of a song:

*. . . tinggi puchok pisang,*
*Tinggi lagi asap. . . .*

"*Wah!*" exclaimed the Dutchman. "Ismail has returned? *Je verbaast mij*, . . ." and then a gripping fear came to him and sent him hastening over to the Felicity Belle, just as he was, in his sleeping-suit.

"Where is Tuan Parsons?" he asked Ah Fung as soon as he had come alongside.

"*Shen mo hwa?* You ask? He say going in *plau* by your ship—me not seeing him since."

"*Wah bela!*" stormed the captain. "He has not been to my ship, no—*dwaase jongen*—the foolish one! *Luister*, the song you hear, yes?"

"I hear him *pantun*. . . ."

"That is Tuan Parsons who sings—*verdaamte jongen!*"

*. . . lagi . . . harap . . . hati. . . .*

Such indeed had been the utterly reckless folly of Tuan Parsons.

To drop into a dugout, clothed in native Malay costume, and make off upstream around the bend. And then, knowing Ismail to be absent, to paddle up and down before the junk, in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

changing moonlight, singing *pantun*, until, having set at ease the suspicions of any watcher on deck or ashore, he might find the opportune moment for clambering aboard.

It was a folly without equal, alone in a crazy boat on the crocodile-infested river, at the mercy of whatever dangers might be awaiting him in the thick blackness of the stranded junk, and all for a blue elephant! But Gamaliel was deeply indebted to Ah Fung for many kindnesses, and the Chinaman seemed to have set his heart on recovering this precious piece of porcelain of his.

And then, as an adventure, it had its pleasing features!

*. . . tinggi lagi harap hati. . . .*

"Hope Maimunah isn't aboard," thought Gamaliel. "But if she is, she'll think it's the fat Ismail and turn over on the other ear." And he allowed his boat to drift under the shadow of the junk's high stern as the moon slipped suddenly behind a cloud.

But, as it happened, Maimunah was aboard, and she had not turned over on the other ear. On the contrary, she was sitting up very straight on the mats in the deck-house listening.

"*Wah!*" she said to herself. "The *pantun* is Ismail's, but the voice is not the voice of Ismail. The voice is a pleasing one."

And so it was that she felt the noiseless passage of bare footsteps on the deck and saw the darker shadow standing in the entrance to the deck-house, where the curtain had been drawn aside ever so slightly. Maimunah reached for the *tumbok lada*, the stabbing dagger, at her side, and waited, motionless and staring. . . .

Around the bend in the river, past the Oost Indie, as though coming from the direction of Pajarak, went a native canoe, driven furiously towards the junk by a solitary white-clad paddler. The moon came out again suddenly from behind the clouds to watch, darting in and out of the flying scud. . . .

"Not a sound," said Gamaliel to himself, standing in the entrance to the deck-house. "If Maimunah is here, she is asleep. Now then, on the shelf, Jan said, towards the bows." He dropped gently onto his knees and began to creep forward, very cautiously and breathlessly, through the blackness of the deck-house.

Behind him, near the entrance, Maimunah sat very still and watched. Suddenly she clutched the dagger more closely to her breast. The moon shone brighter for a second and then hid itself, as though frightened at what it had seen.

"*Wah!*" thought Maimunah. "Those are the footsteps of another upon the deck, more heavy footsteps! This time it is Ismail who has followed. There will be *mangamuk* in this place."

Gamaliel had put out his hand and touched the matting at the farther end of the deck-house. Very slowly he raised himself up, feeling for the shelf. With questing fingers he searched this way and that until they met an object, cold and smooth. Swiftly he passed his hand over the rounded back, fingered the legs and trunk. It was the elephant.

And then Maimunah screamed.

"*Nyah—lah*, Ismail! *Nyah—lah . . . Nah!*" And as Gamaliel whirled around he caught a glimpse of a slender figure hurling itself at another heavier one behind him. In the pale light from the doorway the blade of a naked *kris* gleamed above their heads.

"*Nyah—lah*, Ismail!" Maimunah screamed again. "*Nyah—l . . . Nyah . . . Ny . . .*" They were struggling out through the doorway, her cries choking under the other's heavy hands.

Gamaliel kicked his way through the curtains and ran for the side of the junk with the elephant in his arms. He was minded to go to the girl's assistance, but behind him he heard heavy footsteps running, and the shrill scolding voice of Maimunah as he went over the side.

"*Nyah—lah! Nyah—lah. . . .*"

"Good heavens, he's after me!" thought Gamaliel, and pushed his dugout away into the stream. Behind him came a canoe, paddled furiously by a white-clad figure, but he left it astern as he went around the bend.

When Gamaliel scrambled aboard the Felicity Belle, he found Ah Fung squatting on the deck, rolling his eyes, apparently speechless with terror.

"What's the matter, Ah Fung?" he grinned at him.

"You alive?" chattered Ah Fung. "You not *hantu?*"

"Certainly I'm alive," Gamaliel assured him. "Here's your elephant."

Ah Fung took the elephant and hugged it to his breast, but his eyes never left Gamaliel.

"You vely foolish one," he scolded. "You lisk life all alone—me vely, vely flightened—me not laughing at all—*dje go szi ni dzo buh deh. . . .*"

"Rubbish, Ah Fung! There was no other way to get it."

"Is he there?" came the sudden booming voice of van den Bosch from alongside, and the Dutchman apeared at the rail, still dressed in his sleeping-suit. "*Verdaamte jongen!* Where have you been?"

"Trading in elephants," Gamaliel told him. "I got this one for a song."

"So?" said the Dutchman. "I hear the *pantun*. You are a *dwaase jongen*, Tuan Parsons."

"Well, I couldn't think of any other way to get the elephant, so I just sneaked up there in the dark. I knew they wouldn't pay any attention to a *pantun* singer, and I thought I'd take a risk with Maimunah."

"So?" Jan repeated.

"As a matter of fact," Gamaliel confessed, "it didn't work quite as well as I thought. We'll have to sail from here *sa lekas lekas!* Ismail came back; yes, he was on the junk. He chased me down the river for a while after I got away."

"*Ya?*"

"Funny thing, too. Maimunah was there, and she must have been awake. I didn't hear anything, but she did, and she flew at him with a dirk when he appeared in the doorway of the deck-house!"

"*Ya*—so?"

"She screamed at him all of a sudden. I nearly dropped the elephant! What does *nyah—lah* mean? She kept saying that to him."

"It means go away, be off with you," frowned the Dutchman.

"I thought so. She certainly was in a fury at Ismail. Good thing she didn't see me!"

Ah Fung was still rolling his eyes at this recital of Gamaliel's doings, and van den Bosch sat glowering at them both.

"You are a *verdaamte jongen*," he said finally. "Maimunah, she had seen you, yes—she was sitting on the floor with a *tumbok lada* in her hand watching you."

"What! How—how do *you* know?"

"Because it was not Ismail who returned," replied the other. "It was I, Jan Pieterszoon van den Bosch, yes. I see her for a second in the moonlight before she see me and think I am the fat Ismail."

"You—you—good Lord!" stammered Gamaliel. "You followed me?"

"*Natuurlijk*. I am a very prave man."

"Well, I'll be . . ." began Gamaliel. "Look here, then, if she saw me, why did she scream *nyah—lah* to Ismail, as she thought, and go after *him* with a dagger? Hey, tell me that!"

"Berhaps because you are not fat like Ismail—how do I know?" grunted the Dutchman.

Gamaliel looked from one to the other, and saw a smile come into the eyes of his two friends.

". . . oh, dear me!" he remarked after a moment's silence. "Hmm—yes. . . . Hello, Ah Fung, what are you doing?"

The Chinaman was busily fingering at the mouth of the elephant, apparently feeling for something in the hollow interior.

"Him vely plecious elephant," he said. "Me vely glad have back again—see?"

He pulled out a twisted paper and opened it in the palm of his hand. The contents glittered and twinkled in the light, like many-colored fireflies. Emeralds, and sapphires, and diamonds!

"*Goede Hemel!*" exclaimed van den Bosch. "It is a fortune!"

"Me vely solly lose," said Ah Fung. "Him coming flom ancestols."

"Confound you, Ah Fung!" complained Gamaliel. "Why can't you tell a story straight! First it's an elephant, then it's a ship, now it's a fistful of jewels!"

"You like keep elephant?" smiled Ah Fung. "Him vely fine blue Min Hsing elephant. Me make gleat laughing now. Hee-hee!"

But, after all, it was the elephant who had more things to laugh at than all the rest of them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# PEACE AND JUSTICE

## BY THEODORE MAYNARD

I know that when men speak of Peace they mean
A greater opportunity to turn
Unchallenged infamy to gain, and earn
Ease softer, more secure, and more unclean.
But Peace Isaian they have never seen:
That Peace for whom renunciant prophets yearn;
That Peace whom, after bloody wars, the stern
King Justice finds and marries as his queen.

On us who live in sick and evil days,
O God, have mercy. Grind us into dust.
Set snare and ambush by our pleasant ways.
Destroy our levity and lighter lust.
Take Peace and all else from us by thy grace,
Save Justice the indignant and august.

# THE FRIEND

## BY HARRY LEE

THE landlady lumbered down the four flights again after knocking at the dingy door. All day she had been doing the same. Now it was within a half-hour of midnight by the three-legged clock on the draped and cluttered mantel of the basement room where she and the frowsy "lady" from the rooming house next door had been cozily sharing gossip and tea. Their topic to-night, as always, was the doings of that flotsam and jetsam of humanity known to them as "the roomers."

"Don't be afther lettin' the man fool yez, Mrs. Galloon," her friend had warned her repeatedly during the evening. "Didn't me third-floor-front l'ave on me only a wake past, and his rent tin days back? Foine-appearin' lad as ye'd want to see, too! Soft hearts is not for the likes of us, Mrs. Galloon. Who's this friend he bees mumblin' about all the while? Comin' to-night, the friend, does he say? To-night—look at the time it is! The man's aither drunk or he's crazy, Mrs. Galloon. Meself would get into that room if I broke down the dure in the doin'."

"Ah, but 'tis such a grand man he is, Mrs. Mulvey, me dear, so slim-like and tall, and the eyes av 'im—ho, you want to be cryin' yourself, so you do, to look in the two of them, dear. So lonesome they are, all the while. He's stood wid me now for tin months, and always the rent on the dot. He's a wife and two childer somewhere, God pity the whole of them! Some throuble, who knows! Listenin' to-day in the hall, I hears him talkin' to childer:

"'Tommie,' sez he, 'ye'll wear the little blue suit, the sailor suit, dear, wid the stars, and you and wee sister an' me will go to the woods, dear,' he sez. 'The wild flowers all will be out. Your mother can't go—she's her sewin' to do here on the porch, under the vines.' He kep' croonin' it over and over like it was a bit of a song. 'Under the vines,' he kep' sayin'."

"He's out of his head, Mrs. Galloon," said the neighbor, preventing the imminent fall of the knob on the top of her own by driving back loosening pins; tipping the teapot again and filling for the fifth time the cracked cup, supporting her arm on the elbow and lifting the brimming bronze to her lips. "He's out of his head! 'Tis to the hospital he should be goin'. Mind me words!"

"But he plades so to wait till the mornin'. Sez he's sure that the friend will be here; such a good friend, he sez, though he knows when he comes he'll be blamin' for things that was done long ago. Ah, Mrs. Mulvey, me dear, if you'ze heard him a-whisperin' like: 'The city—shall we be goin' to the city? If I write—and I can—and it sells—but they won't buy my things! I've tried—and they won't buy my things—' Then he moans like a child, Mrs. Mulvey, a child that's been shut in the dark—about 'dures locked,' and 'lights out,' and the wind blowin' and the rain, and bein' at sea in a storm. You mind, Mrs. Mulvey, whin the elevator goes t'underin' by how the house does be shakin'? Sez he: ''Tis the big waves a-comin' to wash me away!' the poor man—"

"If I was yourself, Mrs. Galloon, and 'tis as a fri'nd that I spake, I'd be in that room before twelve. Go on up. I'll finish me tay and be wid yez."

So the landlady knocked. Called. Knocked again louder. No sound came from within except the "rack-rack-rack" of the blind in the wind. Again she called. The man answered. His voice clear, tremulous with joy. "Friend—I hear you, I hear you knocking! Wait—I'll open the door—I'll—"

Creak of the bed. Swift steps. The bolt clicks. The door is thrown open. An elevated train is roaring by. Against the fleeting light of the coaches the landlady sees a form looming black, arms outspread, groping. The form totters. Falls.

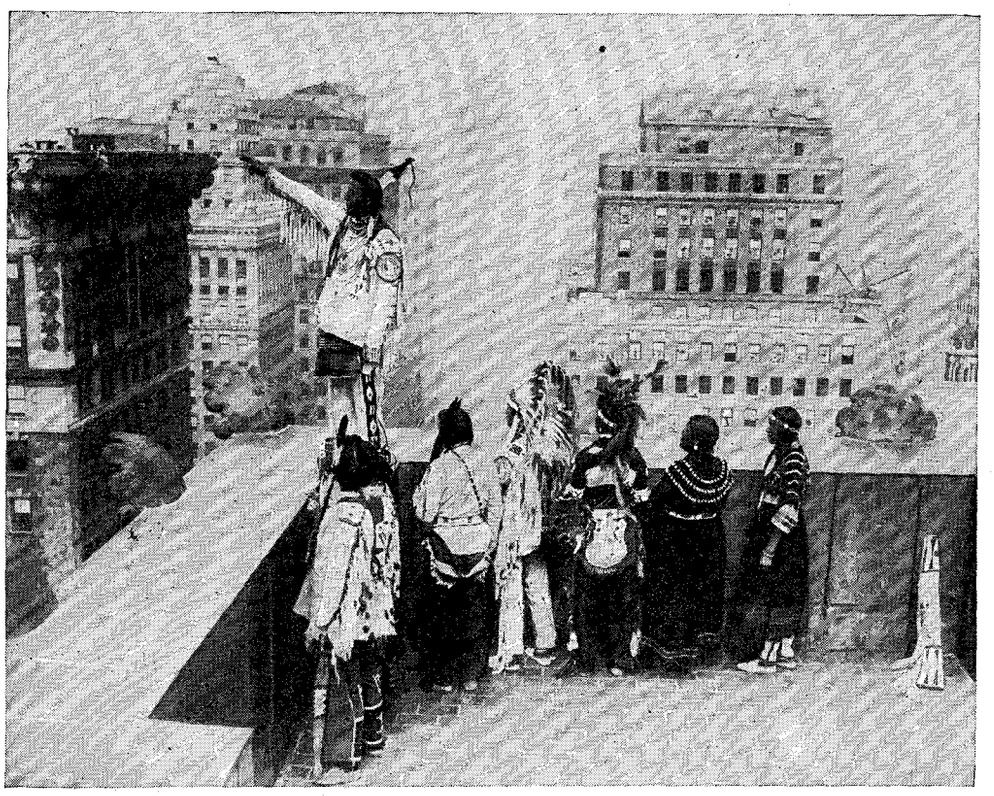
Mrs. Galloon shrieks: "Mrs. Mulvey—for God's sake!" Mrs. Mulvey, breathless from the climb, turns up the gas. The two old women are on their knees, feeling for the heart-beats, the wrist. "I'll run for the cop, Mrs. Galloon!"

"Little use, Mrs. Mulvey. Yez t'ought he was foolin' me. Look at the face of him—the smile on it—God rest his soul! A smile like he'd met wid his friend. Oho, the poor man, oho-ho!"



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

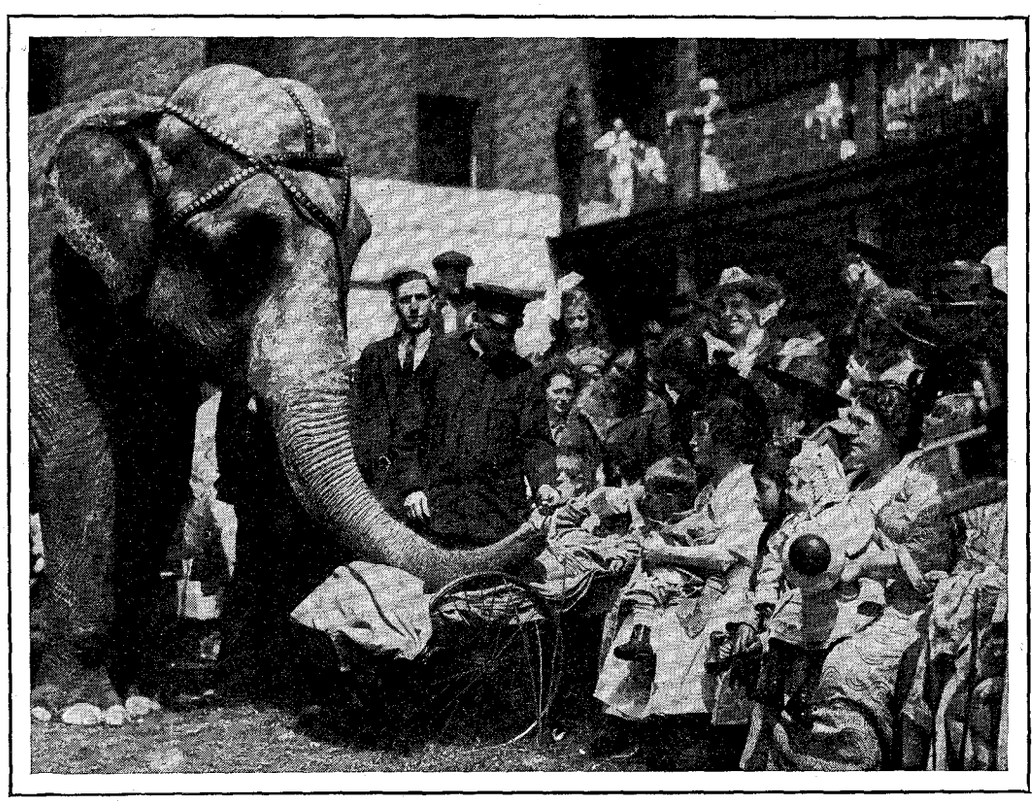
# EXOTIC SCENES IN NEW YORK CITY



Underwood

A DELEGATION OF BLACKFEET INDIANS "SEEING THE SIGHTS" OF THE EAST

These Indians have come from their reservation in Montana to New York for the first time. The chief on the coping, Many Tail Feathers, seems as unafraid as if he had spent his life in building skyscrapers



Paul Thompson

THE CIRCUS VISITS BELLEVUE HOSPITAL

The huge beast comes as a suppliant to the crippled child in the wheel chair. The contrast between the irresistible might of human intelligence and the subservience of brute life has rarely been more effectively presented. The visit of the circus to the helpless ones in Bellevue Hospital has become an annual event

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE BOOK TABLE

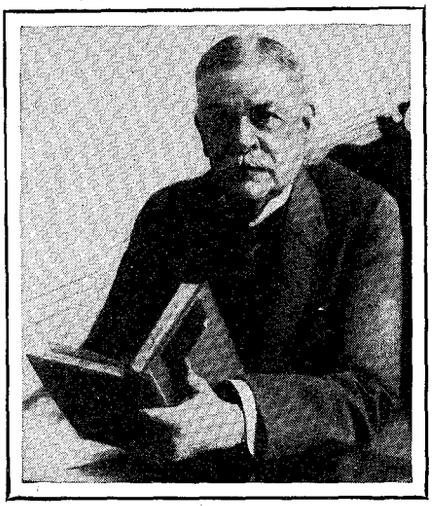
## FROM THE PIAZZA SAN BERNARDO

BY GINO SPERANZA

AS I lay down Thomas Nelson Page's most recent book[1] there comes vividly to my memory the picture of the ex-Ambassador to Italy as I saw him on a day of profound discouragement for those who had labored for Italo-American friendship. President Wilson had issued his Fiume proclamation and Premier Orlando had left Paris for the Italian capital to consult his political colleagues. On this special day all Rome had turned out to receive the Premier, and the Piazza delle Terme, near the railway station, was filled to overflowing. It was an impressive gathering, orderly and representative of all classes of citizens. It was not an angry crowd, but a deeply hurt people. After Orlando had passed—a haggard and troubled man—I left the cheering crowd and turned towards the Piazza San Bernardo, where the American Embassy has its Chancellery. Every approach to the Piazza was barred by cordons of Italian troops—two rows of helmeted infantrymen and a line of Royal Lancers in full war accouterment—against a possible but most improbable demonstration of popular resentment. My diplomatic pass let me through the lines; the usually lively Piazza was deserted, a mild Roman sun beating down on its gray-white pavements and the cheering reaching here so faintly that I could hear the gurgle of the Aqua Felice as it spouted out of the lions' mouths in the Fontanone of Sixtus V across from the Embassy. At one of the windows of the Chancellery the Ambassador was looking out at the unaccustomed sight—a great void edged by the fluttering blue pennants on the lance-heads of the Italian cavalry. Thomas Nelson Page looked pale and worn; he seemed to have grown five years older overnight. I went in; he greeted me and drew me to the window. For a while he was silent, then spoke slowly and quietly. "If Italy had been my mother," he said, "I could not have tried harder to cement friendly relations between her and our country." And he did not refer again to the Fiume matter on that day.

It is this same objectiveness, this same suppression of personal opinions and sentiments, which marks this quasi-official book on Italy in the World War. It has been criticised as too reticent, but it is this very avoidance of a resort to that "inside information" by the divulgence of which many writers on the war have won a half-hour's celebrity that gives distinction to the book. It has been said of Mr. Page that his *métier* is that of being a gentleman; if his life did not amply confirm this, his latest work would sufficiently prove it, for it is a book wherein restraint, a high sense of loyalty, and a passion for fairness are evident in every chapter. And these are the qualities of a gentleman. It is true that he gives nothing that is new to the student of Italian history and current events, but it is his very insistence on and iteration of the old facts which makes the book a history and not a collection of personal memoirs.

The trouble with American public opinion with regard to Italy's participation in the war has been an adherence to certain preconceptions and superficial impressions about that nation's war efforts from beginning to end. This has been due in part to the failure of the



THOMAS NELSON PAGE

Italians themselves to make their case sufficiently known abroad, in part to a certain mental laziness of ours in interpreting very complex questions, and not a little to our indiscriminate acceptance of second-hand information supplied to us by some not always over-fair or over-scrupulous non-Italian propagandists. Mr. Page's book not only reflects the sense of deep national hurt of the Italian people which our misunderstanding has engendered, but is a strenuous and persistent effort to lead us back to the essential evidence in the case and to the underlying causes and reasons.

There is no simple or "quick" explanation possible of Italy's attitude and conduct during various phases of the World War; one cannot and should not attempt to understand or interpret such attitude and conduct except through a clear grasp of Italian history; not only the history of the last fifty years, but of the whole Risorgimento, and even further back. This is the labor which Mr. Page has undertaken and which gives to his book a lasting value. In this setting of history Italy's "hesitations," "motives," "sacred egoism," skepticism of Gallic friendship and of Jugoslav protestations assume a significance wholly clear from that "Machiavellism" so superficially and so ignorantly applied to the complexities of Italian character and conduct. Take, for instance, the concentration of Italian effort, spiritual and military, against Austria; a little history will tell us that, while our detestation of German oppression and barbarism dates back only to the beginning of the war, the actual experience of the Italian people of Austrian tyranny and cruelty was an open wound in the side of that long-suffering nation for centuries past. Is it strange, then, that the struggle for freedom was felt by the Italians as a supreme effort against the Hapsburgs rather than against the Hohenzollerns? So, after we have read of France's efforts in the last fifty years to prevent Italy from becoming a great Mediterranean Power and have had some light on the agreements as to the division of burdens, military and otherwise, between the Allies and Italy, will it not be easier to understand, if not to sympathize with, Italy's disillusionment over the treatment she received from France and England, and even from ourselves, at the crucial moments of her struggle? Let me cite two examples from Mr. Page's book: the lack of substantial military aid to her, especially after the Russian *débâcle*, and our warm support of Jugoslav pretensions after the armistice. As to the former, Mr. Page makes it clear that Italy's plan to overthrow the Central Empires by an overwhelming joint attack on Austria-Hungary had much in its favor but "was received with no respect at all" by her allies. "Italy, except in her direst need, was left to fight alone even when the collapse of Russia threw all the Austrian pressure against her borders." Before Caporetto the British had an auxiliary artillery force of one hundred guns on the Italian front and the French one of three-quarters that number. When the disaster of Caporetto seemed to foretell the total invasion of Italy, Allied military aid came to the rescue only after the enemy irruption had been effectively stopped at the Piave by the Italians themselves. "The story was published in the countries of the Allies," writes the ex-Ambassador to Italy on this point, "that Italy was saved by British and French contingents sent to her relief, and this has become the generally accepted story. It is not a correct statement of fact."

As to that strangest emotional war psychosis of a large section of the American public—our warm support of Jugoslav pretensions at and after the armistice—Mr. Page writes in no uncertain terms. A great admirer of Serb heroism and love of freedom, our Ambassador, who is a historian as well as a trained observer, declines to accept as Serb gold all the new coinage conveniently issued under the novel and inclusive Jugoslav stamp. For him, as for any one who knows contemporary

[1] Italy and the World War. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

history and has followed the fighting on the Italian front, the Croats, even under the Jugoslav appellation, were none others than those who had been, up to the very day of the armistice, "the stiffest fighters in the Austrian ranks," as they had been before that the most cruel of the soldiery used by Austria in her oppressive occupation of Italia Irredenta. Indeed, in our indiscriminate and thoughtless enthusiasm for all Jugoslavs we have been apt to forget (if some of us ever knew it) that some of them—the Croats and Slovenes—attempted one of the most despicable tricks in all the unsavory history of the efforts of the enemy states to avoid the penalties of their misdeeds. Mr. Page, with fine indignation, exposes the miserable maneuver in the following passage:

> As soon as Austria fell, in the very hour in which the Italian Commander was giving the conditions on which the Italian armies and navy would stay their pressure and hold their fire, a *coup* was attempted by which what Italy had won would be transferred from her conquered enemy to the possession of a new claimant, hitherto a constituent element of the former, but now asserting a new independence. By this *coup* the Austrian ships were to be snatched from the hands of the Allies—from Italy—and retained in the possession of that element, hitherto a faction of Austria's forces, but now, under a new flag and name, claiming to be a neutral and, next day, even an Allied power. It was not a change of coats, for the same coats of those who but yesterday were among Austria's most mighty and vindictive fighters served to-day, with only the insignia removed, as uniforms for the newly converted Yugo-Slav Allies, who, between suns, renouncing their lifelong Austrian allegiance, emerged as the newly converted comrades of victorious Italy and her allies, whom but the day before they had been bent on destroying with the same ships that they now claimed title to by virtue of their later than eleventh-hour repentance.

Mr. Page's iteration of certain facts adds unnecessarily to the length of the book and interferes with the smoothness of the narrative; but, as I said, the insistence on fundamentals helps to drive the essential facts home, though, unfortunately, at the price of brevity and even, occasionally, of style. It is regrettable also that obviously hasty and careless proof-reading has resulted in a very large number of misspellings of Italian words and names.

Yet, granting such slips and prolixity, the great moments of the struggle are presented in the book with clearness and force. The popular uprising which forced the Government to declare war in May, 1915; the thrilling days when the Italian troops crossed the ancient boundaries of the Venetian Republic; the Trentino offensive; the anxious weeks when the gems of Venice seemed in hourly danger of destruction; the complex drama of Caporetto, with its aftermath of splendid national resolve to stop the invasion; the glorious stand of the seventeen-year-old boys—the hardest blood-offering of Italy—at the Piave and on Mount Grappa; the final drive at Vittorio Veneto, which gave the death-blow to the Austro-Hungarian Empire—all are told, not only with the convincingness of the historian presenting facts he has witnessed, but with the sympathetic throb of a sensitive man who has deeply felt, and in a measure shared, the sacrifices and sufferings of a beloved people.

Mr. Page dedicates his book to "the Italian People," who, he says, have by their courage and sacrifices contributed greatly towards saving that civilization "which they had done so much to create." This is the sentiment which, in a way, colors the entire book and gives it on certain occasions a sense of exaltation. For Mr. Page, like every artist and man of letters who lived in Italy during the great struggle, felt what I shall call, for lack of a better word, the *peculiar glow* of that land of beauty and of history as it parried from land, sea, and sky the tremendous thrusts of an enemy trying to destroy even the most precious and most sacred monuments of its civilization. Some day, when all our little and big enmities and bitternesses are laid aside and the World War is studied in its underlying spiritual aspects, a poet may arise who will synthesize the wondrous conflict in a song. For him there will be neither the Marne nor the Piave, but the River of Heroism; neither Ypres nor Venice, but the City of Sacrifice. But for the golden light of victory, for the thrilling sense by which he will make future generations *feel* what that common victory saved for mankind, he will have to draw from the glowing scene of the Italian art cities willing to be destroyed rather than become again the slaves of the barbarians.

# THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

**GUARDED ROOM (THE).** By G. I. Whitham. The John Lane Company, New York.

A slight story of English life. It has a clever theme in the history of a family all of whose efforts are to keep an invalid mother from worry or knowledge of trouble. One of the daughters dies in the struggle to preserve the sanctity of the "guarded room"—the mother's bedroom. Yet in the end it turns out that the mother knew all the while the very things it was supposed it would kill her to know. The tragedy of the useless sacrifice is real.

**SATAN.** By H. De Vere Stacpoole. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

One deprecates the title of this book, not because it has a sulphurous sound, but because it misleads one. This "Satan" appears to have been so named by his father for the express purpose of giving Mr. Stacpoole a sensational title, but might just as well (and a good deal better) have been called Jim or Bill. The tale itself of distant adventure in tropical seas is one of the best that Mr. Stacpoole has written. It has a buried treasure in it—so deeply buried, in fact, that no one gets it and no one ever will get it. Jude, Satan's sister, is also his first mate, cook, and crew, and is supposed by every one to be a young brother. Naturally, however, a young man of family and wealth pops into the story and, despite Jude's aversion to skirts, the tale ends in a joyous marriage.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

**APPRECIATIONS AND CRITICISMS OF THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.** By G. K. Chesterton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Mr. Chesterton's book is precisely described by his title as "Appreciations and Criticisms." He is not only a strong Dickensian, but one with original views. He is so absorbed in setting forth his ideas about Dickens that he actually forgets to be paradoxical and whimsical. Now and then, however, we come across a characteristic Chestertonian phrase, such as that in which, after asserting that the basis of all artistic indulgences is the "pleasure of appreciating works of art which ordinary men cannot appreciate," he adds: "Surely the vilest point of human vanity is exactly that; to ask to be admired for admiring what your admirers do not admire." Another theme is that "nearly every one of the amusing characters of Dickens is in reality a great fool," and that also "almost every one of his amusing characters is in reality a great bore." One might think that almost everything had been said that can be said in comparison of Thackeray and Dickens, but Mr. Chesterton contributes a new point when he says that "Thackeray is always looking back to yesterday; Dickens is always looking forward to to-morrow." In the main, the analysis of the novels and the characters is acute. In fact, the book is worthy to put beside George Gissing's estimate of Dickens, and that is high praise.

# BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

**DIVINE ADVENTURE (THE).** By Theodore Maynard. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

**HUSBAND TEST (THE).** By Mary Carolyn Davies. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

**JAKE.** By Eunice Tietjens. Boni & Liveright, New York.

**MY ORIENT PEARL.** Being an Englishman's Story of Love and Adventure in Japan. By Charles Colton. The John Lane Company, New York.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

**GOLDEN WEST BOYS (THE).** Injun and Whitey Strike Out for Themselves. By William S. Hart. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

BIOGRAPHY

**FROM SLAVE TO CITIZEN.** By Charles M. Melden, Ph.D. The Methodist Book Concern, New York.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

**"WATER COLORS:" SOUTH OF FRANCE 1918-1919.** By Susan Farley Nichols. The Four Seas Company, Boston.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

## SEA—MUSCLE, APPETITE, HAIR ON CHEST—FINE PLACE

To-day a wet day. Must kill time. Shall spin you the yarn. No harm done. You don't have to read it. Waste-basket handy. O. K.

Left Salthouse dock before dawn February 22, last century. Drizzle falling. Wind from S. W. Choppy sea. Nasty feeling in the air. Towed out. Night-watchmen on anchored ships staring at us doubtless. "What's that blanked fool going to sea for?"

Ships ahead of us towed into Holyhead for shelter. Not us. Our skipper a bluenose. Owner a Liverpool Jew. Mate a red-headed Cornishman. Second mate a yellow-headed Geordie. Bosun a full-fledged Cerberus. Me a first voyager. Second mate looked me over, "Yoo'd make a bluudy foine possenger" (thought so m'self).

Cast off tug off Tuskar.

Ten P.M. squall. Three topgallants gone. 'Nother squall. Upper tops'ls all went. More squalls. Black as the Pope's Sunday hat. Blowing—ah! Made the skipper grunt. Squalls with increasing violence. Main lower tops'l only sail left aloft. Everything else gone to ribbons.

Before dawn were running under bare poles for Barry Road. Ever been to Barry? Don't go. No place for nice people. N'Yawk better. More lobster salad, so to speak. Daybreak Norwegian full-rigger in distress asking for help. Skipper signaled: "God helps those who help themselves—am running for Barry—pleasant voyage to you."

All well with us. Foretopgallantmast went overside forenoon. Main deck stove in. Rolling railings under. Bit messy in places. Western ocean all heaped up around us. All hands on deck all the time. Galley gutted. No coffee. Plenty of hardtack. Ever eat Liverpool pantiles? Don't. No good. Lobster salad better. Wind moderated to full gale. Rigged dolly winch. Jettisoned cargo. Me very young. Fresh from luxurious home. Afternoon tea, cake, cricket, running with harriers—all that sort of thing, you know. Worked on dolly winch all day. Very tired. Hands sore. All sore. Hate damforsaken dolly winches ever since. No good. Cricket bat more better. Arrived Barry. Crew refused duty. Said would sooner go jail six months than round Horn in that packet. Went jail. We shipped new crew. Everything but white men. Dutch, Dagos, Squareheads, Niggers, criminals. Went to sea after two weeks repairing. One hundred sixty-six days to Victoria, British Columbia. Five weeks off Stiff. Five men overboard. Pork rotten. Hardtack weevily. Apprentice heard the banshee one night. Lost overboard next week. Fact. Irish apprentice. Banshee poor thing to hear. Got 'em in N'Yawk? Cotton wool in ears good.

AVDI VIDI TACE

SI VIS VIVERE IN PACE

Don't listen. Worked dolly winch again, trimming ship. Ever trim ship at sea? Stay N'Yawk. Don't go to sea unless you think you'll like it. I like it. Fine place. Work up good appetite. Muscle. Hair on chest.

Ever been to sea?

No?

Bet Minnigerode never did either.

Funny guy, that Minnigerode.

Got nothing on me. Me American too—born in England. Yankee parents. Educated English public school too, same as Minnigerode; better school though.

S'long. Faithfully,

CAPTAIN BLANK.

(Fine name—sounds good. Keep crew in order with name like that, eh?)

B. M. ADAMS.

P. S. Love to Abbotts. (Good people.)

P. P. S. Friends call me Bill. Was in New York once. Cop arrested me on my looks. Fact. Six feet three inches. Weight, 200. Very good looking. Unusual in New York?

## SOME LIZARD

I have been very much interested in reading some of the letters in regard to the so-called sea serpent, which appeared in your columns from time to time.

About twenty-five years ago I was cruising in my boat in Long Island Sound, and in the middle of the Sound between Greenwich and Oyster Bay my friend Dr. Ira Ayer and myself saw a very curious animal. We were close enough to see it quite plainly, and could distinguish a head shaped like that of a horse, with a long neck projecting from the water and two portions of the body partly submerged in the water. There was no wind at the time; the sea was perfectly calm and the animal was moving rapidly through the water. The ripples of water could be seen as its breast parted the waves and it left a trail or wake behind it.

That same year a so-called sea serpent had been reported in different parts of the waters of Long Island Sound several times during the summer. An acquaintance of mine, a Block Island fisherman, stated to me that he had seen the same creature that I described about twenty-five years ago.

I am familiar with the sights of the water and have seen whales and porpoises many times. This was an animal apparently of the character of a large lizard, evidently being propelled by legs and with a tail trailing behind the body.

In "Romance of Natural History," by Philip H. Gosse, published in 1861, statements are made by creditable witnesses who have seen a similar animal in different parts of the world, and Gosse gives his opinion that the animal seen is the survival of a race of antediluvian lizards of enormous size who are generally supposed to have perished thousands of years ago from the earth; but Gosse says that a few of these animals may have survived in the deep and untraveled parts of the sea and occasionally one leaves his usual habitat and comes in places where he can be seen by men in vessels.

I should be glad to hear through the columns of The Outlook if others of your readers have had a similar experience to mine in seeing this animal.

HENRY H. MORTON, M.D.

Brooklyn, New York.

## TO FRIENDS OF ROOSEVELT AND HONOR

Cannot the friends of Mr. Roosevelt and American honor get up some sort of resolution that will be a mighty protest against the passing of the "blackmail treaty" with Colombia—something that will go down in history side by side with that disgraceful document?

I have always been a Republican (when I was not a Progressive), but I am frankly ashamed of this act of compromise on the part of the Administration from which we all hoped so much. Especially am I disappointed in those Senators who professed loyal friendship for Mr. Roosevelt when he was alive.

Please start something we can all sign, that the world, especially Colombia, may know we do not approve.

MABEL L. WYCKOFF.

Oak Park, Illinois.

## FARM TENANTS

I read the article on "Kansas Farm Tenantry," in the March 30 Outlook, and the next day traveled through one of the reputed rich agricultural white counties of a Southern State. A striking impression of the living conditions in that country (doubtless duplicated in many others) was that of a few really comfortable, well-equipped homes and many meager two or three room cheap houses or shacks. I was informed frequently that all the land visible in a broad valley was owned by one man, and that the occupants of the little houses, all too frequently poorly kept, were tenant workers.

A remark of my guide gave me the key to perhaps what is the fundamental cause of the increase of farm tenantry in this State, and very possibly in Kansas.

My guide said: "If a fairly well-to-do man in this county gets any money, he can't afford to keep it in bank or loan it, but immediately buys more land." The result is, as in Kansas, that the money-makers in the community soon acquire immense farms, which are too large to be worked directly by the



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

owner, and the former owners and their children are then employed as tenant farmers to produce crops on shares.

I analyze the basic cause as lying in our method of assessment and taxation of different classes of property. In this State assessment of real estate is made by local county boards. Under the letter of the law, it must be assessed at fair market value. As a matter of practice, it is notorious that in the farming counties the assessed value often averages less than twenty-five per cent of the market value, and I am told that valuable orchard and grazing lands actually sold in recent years at from $300 to $1,000 an acre are assessed at $10 to $20 per acre. In contrast, the law specifies that all stock, bonds, and mortgage notes, which are merely evidences of part ownership in actual physical property somewhere already readily found for taxation, must be assessed at the actual market value of the date of assessment, which values, in the case of listed securities, are obtained from stock-market reports. Money on deposit is also assessed at full value. A distinction is made in the tax rate applicable to the several classes of property. Money is taxed 0.2 per cent, stocks and bonds for State purposes 0.8 per cent, plus another 0.3 per cent for local purposes if the local tax authority so desires, while the real estate tax sometimes totals around 2½ per cent, but averages less than 1.5 per cent on the assessed value.

It is evident that 1.5 per cent tax on a twenty per cent assessment on $1,000 invested in land gives a smaller tax bill than 0.8 per cent on the full value of $1,000 loaned to some young man endeavoring to establish his own farm and home, or $1,000 invested in the stock of a corporation whose business may mean the utilization of the waste products or otherwise unused natural resources of the investor's own county or State.

The remedy consists, first, in getting rid of the idea that stocks and bonds are themselves property, and the further idea, more or less prevalent, that lending money or credit through formal evidences thereof is not an altogether honorable business. Then naturally follows a revision of our tax laws, removing restrictions on the flow of money or credit, leaving it to flow where it is most needed, according to unhampered supply and demand.

Second, adopt the principle of the graduated income tax, applying it to land taxation, so that an owner of an increasing number of acres sees his tax bill rising far faster in proportion than his acquisition of land. The main problem in this remedy is to establish the maximum amount of land or land value which an owner may possess which will be subject to only the basic tax.

If it is that legal obstacles prevent the proceeding of progressively increasing the tax rate on large holdings, then apply the practice of establishing a maximum rate with rebates or exemptions for certain amounts. The principle of exemption of property from taxation for special reasons seems well established.

The ultimate authority, a Constitutional amendment, is always possible when the people are brought to see that a proposed method will be fair to individuals and helpful to the State.

After all, revenue from taxation has as its only real source that which has been produced by the labor of man ap plied to the resources of nature. For that reason, taxation of incomes, actual or potential, is the only really logical basis. Property taxes are predicated on the idea that the property is a means of producing material of value, or income. A graduated property tax is, then, just as fair as a graduated income tax, as it presupposes the increasing ability of the possessor of large income to contribute to the support of the State, which, by its maintenance of law and order, makes possible the maximum production of income.

Proposals based on the State establishing a loan fund to be let out at a low rate of interest are merely makeshifts doomed to failure in the long run, for they necessarily operate in a circle. The fund can be supported only by taxation making up any deficits, which means raising by that much the burden on both the borrower and the rest of the thrifty population, and interferes with the normal flow of credit. The State in a community where present-day rights of private property are recognized *cannot* possibly depress the average rate of interest by fiat and continue to get the results which follow enterprising ventures in hope of large returns, which large returns on successful ventures are compensation for the losses in unsuccessful ones.

It looks as if this proposed change in our taxing system on real estate would help both the farm and city dweller, for it would be a real deterrent on land speculation without real utilization, both in farm land and city lots. It would compel the distribution of excessive holdings to those more likely to make personal use of them, would cause the owner of credit (or money) to prefer to loan to reliable would-be farm, factory, or home owners, and definitely tend to bring about that much-desired social state of the largest possible number of citizens being titular owners of the means of gaining a livelihood or of their homes.

JUDSON C. DICKERMAN, *Engineer.*
Richmond, Virginia.

# "AN ARSENAL WHENCE THEY MAY DRAW THEIR WEAPONS"[1]

IT is easy to criticise. One can tear down, but it is difficult to construct and build up. The Outlook, like everything, is subject to improvement. It is not perfect, as indicated by the desire of its editors. We want to commend it as a journal that leads public thought, and is never an echo or waits for other voices to shape its policies. It is honest in its advocacy of public questions and measures. It never trims its sails, and never is afraid to assume a stand or maintain a position. And it is a constant protest against the tendencies of to-day to straddle the difficult and delicate questions that demand a categorical "yes" or "no."

It is awaited by all thoughtful men and women, and becomes an arsenal whence they may draw their weapons and become inspired by its luminous comments upon all public questions. To me The Outlook is a journal that answers the deepest questions and makes plain the intellectual pathway my feet must tread. I have a large library, but many of the books are mute, silent, and uninspiring; a few have endeared themselves to me as personal friends, opening up to my mind new vistas of thought and expressing for me much that was nebulous and indistinct before.

That is the supreme mission of The Outlook—to interpret life for those who deeply feel and think, but are unable to give outward expression to the struggling and unexpressed and unexpressible in mind and heart. To see plainly before your mind what was drifting in mist and twilight—this is the part The Outlook plays.

Then, too, it is broad, unprejudiced, and fair in its comments of men and public measures, and quick to acknowledge any mistakes that are made.

And in its discussions it touches the whole of life, every side of man's life. It has articles that emphasize the body, the part it plays, and the work it has to do; and much food is served for man's mind; and, best of all, it recognizes that man has a soul, and while not distinctively a religious journal, it believes that religion is vital and influences every part of man's life. It excites in us pure and ennobling emotions and awakens in the mind the divine and the Godlike.

And any one acquainted with The Outlook will be impressed by its pure, nervous, and expressive English. It becomes a school where men may learn the mastery of their own tongue.

And The Outlook has had able leadership—men educated in the old schools, where "white was white" and "black was black," and that recognized that right and wrong were not terms to be juggled with. F. L. BERGSTRESSER.

Montgomery, Pennsylvania.

[1] This letter was submitted in The Outlook's First Prize Contest.—The Publisher.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## PUBLISHER'S NOTES

THIS week we present the following interesting letter from an English clergyman now living in America. We print it in full not only because of its expression of what The Outlook means to him, but because of its interesting statement of The Outlook's attitude toward the League of Nations:

"Enclosed please find check for $7.06 in payment of one subscription to The Outlook and a copy of Robert Lansing's book, 'The Peace Negotiations.' Will you please send The Outlook to Mr. Welcome Mitchell, Summit, Littleboro, Nr. Manchester, England. The book I would like mailed to my own address, as below.

"I am subscribing for The Outlook for this English friend so that he might have the benefit of the interpretation of American and international events from the point of view of your editors and contributors, which, to my mind, is soundly American. I came to this country from England nine years ago and nothing has helped me to an understanding of the fundamental principles of Americanism so much as The Outlook.

"I have recently returned from a trip to England, and through my church and Rotary associations was brought into contact with a large number of people, and had the privilege of addressing many audiences on the subject of Anglo-American relations. Wherever I went I found the most serious misunderstanding of America's attitude towards England and towards the vital question of a league of nations.

"President Wilson's statement that the 1920 Presidential election was to be a solemn referendum on the League of Nations was accepted at its full face value, with the result that the English people are greatly bewildered at the outcome of that election. The distinction The Outlook has consistently insisted upon, between 'A League and The League,' is one they have not grasped. Moreover, our English friends have apparently overlooked the fact that the taking of a solemn referendum upon any party issue at a Presidential election is a practical impossibility. The friends with whom I talked and the audiences I addressed expressed the utmost surprise when informed that many of us who are heartily in sympathy with the principles of a league of nations voted the Republican ticket, recognizing that the Republican platform itself commits that party to this principle, though not to the League as presented to the country by Mr. Wilson. There seemed to be an entire lack of appreciation of the resentment of the American people against the unyielding attitude of the President on the matter of the Senatorial amendments to the League covenant.

"This would seem to be due in large measure to the fact that the English people are not nearly so much concerned about the details of the League as we were asked to believe, and they have failed to realize that it was the President's insistent demand that the Senate take all or nothing that had much to do with the repudiation of the Democratic Administration and, incidentally, the Democratic candidate in 1920.

"If your excellent magazine could have a wider circulation in England it would go far towards improving our Anglo-American relations. I may say I had the pleasure of recommending The Outlook to many of my friends in England when they asked which was the best American periodical to buy to keep informed on the responsible public opinion of America on the important questions of the day.

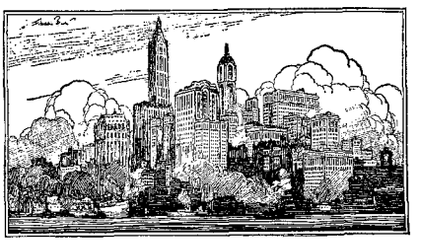
"Very sincerely yours,
"PERCY V. DAWE.
"St. Joseph, Michigan."

A TOTAL of 395 editors of American newspapers have, during the past few months, subscribed for The Outlook. These trained judges of news values use The Outlook as a definite part of their journalistic equipment.

*A Country-Wide Investment Service*

NEW YORK
140 Broadway
Fifth Ave. & 44th St.
Madison Ave. & 60th St.
268 Grand St.
ALBANY, N. Y.
ATLANTA, GA.
BALTIMORE, MD.
BOSTON, MASS.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
CHICAGO, ILL.
CINCINNATI, O.
CLEVELAND, O.
DETROIT, MICH.
ERIE, PA.
HARRISBURG, PA.
HARTFORD, CONN.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
PORTLAND, MAINE
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
READING, PA.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
SCRANTON, PA.
SEATTLE, WASH.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
WILKES-BARRE, PA.

*Our monthly booklet, "Investment Recommendations," will be sent you on request*



From New York to the Coast

RADIATING from New York City, *Guaranty Service to Investors* extends its facilities to you through a country-wide system of offices.

These 33 offices are linked to headquarters by telegraph and telephone.

Through each Guaranty representative, the complete facilities of this Company are placed at your disposal—to buy and sell securities; to give investment information; to suggest investments suited to your particular requirements.

If it is inconvenient for you to call, you can avail yourself of Guaranty Service by correspondence with our nearest office.

Guaranty Company of New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## These youngsters are nobody's "problem"

The boy is seventeen, the girl fifteen. In school he is considered above average. He does some clever work in the manual training shop. In football he kicks a wicked spiral. To the boy, a girl is one to be respected and protected. He has no false concepts. You can see he is going to come into a fine manhood.

The girl's grace and gentleness show a freedom from self-study. The lure of the lurid passes unrecognized. She can throw a baseball like a boy. Yet there isn't a coarse fibre in her make-up.

Her native refinement augurs well for the home she will sometime call her own.

The parents of these children have nothing to worry about. They began years ago to help them build wholesome minds by supplying wholesome thoughts.

For the past ten years St. Nicholas Magazine has come to them regularly every month. They have sat knee to knee with tellers of tales who know how to make boys and girls see and understand. They have traveled the world with special guides. They have been partners in adventures with heroes and heroines who have been clean, chummy good fellows to them. The best of nature, science, invention, topics of the day—sports, these things have been theirs—mental food and nourishment specially prepared for their easy digestion and assimilation.

Today, these children have a host of friendly, happy, helpful memories to draw on. They have an instinctive leaning to the light and the right.

Perhaps your children are just like this boy and girl, good cubs, training to be good men and women. Perhaps you would like nothing on earth better than to see in your youngsters the duplication of these characters. Start them on St. Nicholas today.

**St. Nicholas is $4.00 a year, little more than a cent a day. For nearly fifty years it has been the great monthly magazine for children from 10 to 18 years of age. Send check or money order to St. Nicholas Subscription Department A-22, 353 Fourth Ave., New York.**

# ST NICHOLAS *for Boys and Girls*



## "NO NIGHT THERE"

(The "City Four-Square")
A beautiful Sacred song for Church or Home
**50c per copy postpaid**
**The Biglow & Main Co., 156 5th Ave., N. Y.**

## *The Best Insurance*

against serious trouble developing from the little accidents which so often occur in the office and shop is the immediate application of

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

It will prevent infection from scratches and cuts. It will reduce inflammation and ease pain from bruises and strains.

A little "first-aid treatment" with Absorbine, Jr. may save valuable time and the possible payment of liability.

$1.25 a bottle at your druggist's or postpaid. A liberal trial bottle sent for 10c.

**W. F. YOUNG, Inc.**
**443 Temple Street - Springfield, Mass.**



## The Summer Quarter

Courses are the same in educational and credit value as those offered in other quarters of the year.

The colleges, the graduate schools and the professional schools provide courses in Arts, Literature, Science, Commerce and Administration, Education, Law, Divinity, Medicine, and Social Service Administration.

Ideal place for recreation as well as study. Golf, tennis, rowing, etc. Two great parks and Lake Michigan within walking distance.

Students may register for either term or both.

**1st Term—June 20—July 27**
**2nd Term—July 28—Sept. 2**
*Write for complete announcement*

**The University of Chicago**
BOX 526—FACULTY EXCHANGE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DR. ESENWEIN

## Short-Story Writing

A Course of Forty Lessons, taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of *The Writer's Monthly*.

**One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time. Hundreds are selling right along to the leading magazines and the best producing companies.**

Also courses in Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, Versification, Journalism, etc.

**150-Page illustrated catalogue free. *Please Address***

**The Home Correspondence School**
**Dept. 58 Springfield, Mass.**
ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904


# THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

## A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]


BY J. MADISON GATHANY
SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.


### The New Crisis in Europe

PRESIDENT HARDING is reported to believe that Germany must accept the terms proposed by the Allied Governments and that the economic reconstruction of the world depends largely upon the acceptance of these terms by Germany. Are you with President Harding in believing as he does? What are your reasons?

Perhaps the most important part of the editorial on the new crisis in Europe is that which refers to President Harding's acceptance of the invitation of the Allies to re-enter the Allied conferences. Has President Harding's acceptance of this invitation put the United States deeper into European affairs than did President Wilson's programme?

Is it fair to say, as one newspaper critic has said, that "President Harding has been obliged to run the white flag a little ways up and make the first gesture toward the surrender of his policy of isolation"? Did President Harding ever advocate a policy of isolation from Europe?

If the Harding policy toward Europe is not the Wilson policy, what are the vital distinguishing differences in them?

How do you define the following expressions: *Credit, wealth, psychological effect, reparations, Treaty of Versailles?*

In connection with this topic it would be well indeed for those who wish to get a comprehensive and authoritative account of the Peace Conference at Paris in 1918-1919 to read a book just recently published, entitled "What Really Happened at Paris," by the American Delegates (Scribners).

### Industrial Readjustment

What is the meaning of the distribution of wealth? How does it differ from the consumption, the production, and the exchange of wealth? What are the three chief factors in the production of wealth? How is one to determine what share of the wealth produced by these factors belongs to each factor that produced it?

Should an individual be paid according to what he is able to produce or according to what he needs? Explain your answer.

Can you make clear how the distribution of wealth is bound up with the problem of social welfare?

Define with accuracy the following words: *Prices, wages, labor, production, economic readjustment.*

One of the best books on economics

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the problems suggested by this study is entitled "American Economic Life," by H. R. Burch (Macmillan).

## The Miller Administration in New York

Some critics tell us that Governor Miller has made only a beginning at reconstruction. If you believe this is so, in what respects is further reconstruction needed?

Does the Governor of your State have legislative power? If so, explain how he exercises it.

Do you personally believe in more or less power in the hands of the Governor? Explain your answer.

A very good text-book, entitled "American Government," by F. A. Magruder (Allyn & Bacon), asks this question: "What is meant by the statement that 'a Governor is the captain of a Ship of State which is navigated by a crew that he does not select and over which he has few powers of command.'" How do you answer this question?

In your opinion should Governor Miller veto the bill creating a movie censorship? Is censorship un-American?

How harmful would it be to allow those who are in the moving-picture business uncensored handling of that business?

## Phillips Brooks

What comparisons can you make between religious beliefs and the subject matter of sermons during early American history times and the present? How do you account for some of the differences?

What is religion? Does advancing civilization make religion and the function of preachers more and more necessary?

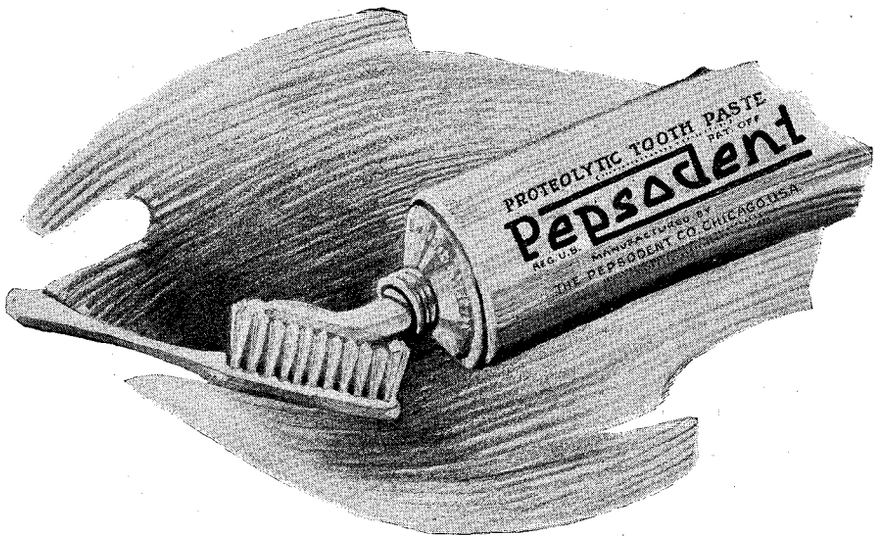
Dr. Abbott says on page 104 of this issue of The Outlook that Bishop Brooks "was never an indifferentist." Is such a characterization of a person highly complimentary? When in 1914 President Wilson appealed to his countrymen to be neutral in thought as well as in action toward the war in Europe, was he an indifferentist? Should one ever be an indifferentist?

In his article on another page Dr. Abbott refers to the catholicity of Phillips Brooks. Are most people you know of catholic in attitude? How valuable is catholicity? Could much advancement be made without it?

Define with care the following terms: *Gargoyles, innate, caricature, grotesque, catholicity, canon, rubric, sectarian.*

Two good books on Bishop Brooks are "The Life of Phillips Brooks," by A. V. G. Allen (Dutton), and "Nine Great Preachers," by A. H. Currier (Pilgrim Press, Boston).

In connection with this topic many preachers and teachers, as well as others, will find many inspiring and helpful suggestions in a book composed of Sunday morning talks to students and graduates entitled "The Moral Basis of Democracy," by Arthur Twining Hadley, formerly President of Yale University (Yale University Press), and also in "Yale Talks," by Charles R. Brown, Dean of the School of Religion (Yale University Press).


# What Happens

## When you brush teeth in this way

Five quick effects occur when teeth are brushed in this scientific way.

Millions now get them twice a day. Leading dentists everywhere urge all to get them.

Ask us for this 10-Day Tube. It will show what these effects mean in whiter, cleaner teeth.

### The five effects

Pepsodent multiples the salivary flow. That is Nature's tooth-protecting agent.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to quickly digest the starch deposits which, if left, form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Two factors directly attack the film on teeth. One keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

These are all desired effects. They are aids to Nature which authorities approve. See how they change your tooth conditions in this ten-day test.

## You are welcome to this test

A 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. It is bringing a new dental era, and we want you to know the facts.

### The fight on film

Pepsodent results from many years of effort to fight film on teeth. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it, so film-caused troubles have been constantly increasing.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Now dental science has found ways to fight it. These methods are embodied in Pepsodent. Five years of tests have amply proved it. The highest authorities today endorse its principles. Millions now employ it.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The book we send explains the reasons for its multiple effects. See and feel them, then judge for yourself how much they mean to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

**A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.**

**10-Day Tube Free** 522

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 728, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Underwear is "B.V. D."
without this Red Woven Label
MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries
It is your Guarantee of
Value and Satisfaction
© THE B.V. D. CO.

"B.V. D." Underwear developed an entirely new principle which completely revolutionized summer underwear.

The foundations of the world-wide popularity of "B.V. D." Underwear are value and satisfaction.

The "B.V. D." ideal of service is expressed in the durable fabric, made in our cotton mills, and in every successive stage of manufacture—the result: proper-fitting, comfort-giving, long-wearing Underwear—"B.V. D."

*Quality Ever Maintained*

*"B.V. D." Sleeveless Closed Crotch Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A.) Men's $1.50 the suit, Youth's $1.15 the suit.*

The B.V. D. Company
New York

*"B.V. D." Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 90c the garment.*

# TO SUMMER RESORT PROPRIETORS

The Outlook will devote three early summer issues to special advertising of summer resorts, tours and travel. These are the issues of

## June 8 and 22 and July 6

WRITE US AT ONCE AND WE WILL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU COPY SUGGESTIONS

***Department of Classified Advertising***
**THE OUTLOOK COMPANY**
**381 Fourth Avenue, New York City**

## CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

THEODORE MAYNARD was born in Madras, India, in 1890, lived in India until his tenth year, was educated in England, and entered the Congregational ministry in America in 1909. One of his early sermons in a Vermont church was on the subject of fools; after hearing it his deacons demanded his resignation. He went to work in a factory in the same town and was later a clerk in a cotton mill in Massachusetts. He drifted to Philadelphia in 1910, and, after trying his hand as a bill-poster and book canvasser, he worked his way to England on a cattle-boat. He was received into the Roman Catholic Church in 1913, and, after a brief novitiate among the Dominicans, he laid aside his monastic habit to engage in literary work. A novel by him recently published has monastic life as its subject. He has been associated with Gilbert and Cecil Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc in "The New Witness;" his poems and critical essays have frequently appeared in English and American periodicals. He is the author of "Laughs and Whifts of Song," "Drums of Defeat," "Folly and Other Poems," "Carven from the Laurel Tree," "The Divine Adventure," "The Last Knight and Other Poems," and "A Tankard of Ale," an anthology of drinking songs.

GINO SPERANZA, a native and very loyal American. He was born in Connecticut in 1872, the son of Professor Carlo Speranza. He was educated in the College of the City of New York and at the New York Law School. He was for fifteen years General Legal Advisor to the Consulate General of Italy. He has been a member of the Law Commission of the Prison Association of New York State and assisted in drafting the Probation Law. He has been Chairman of the Commission on Crime and Immigration of the American Institute of Criminal Law. At the outbreak of the war he was appointed assistant to the Military Attaché of the American Embassy, Rome, and was later Attaché to the Embassy in its Political Intelligence Division. He was also during the war a special correspondent for The Outlook.

MEADE MINNIGERODE has written numerous stories for the "Saturday Evening Post," "Collier's," and "Ladies' Home Journal." He is the author of the novels "Laughing House" and "The Big Year."

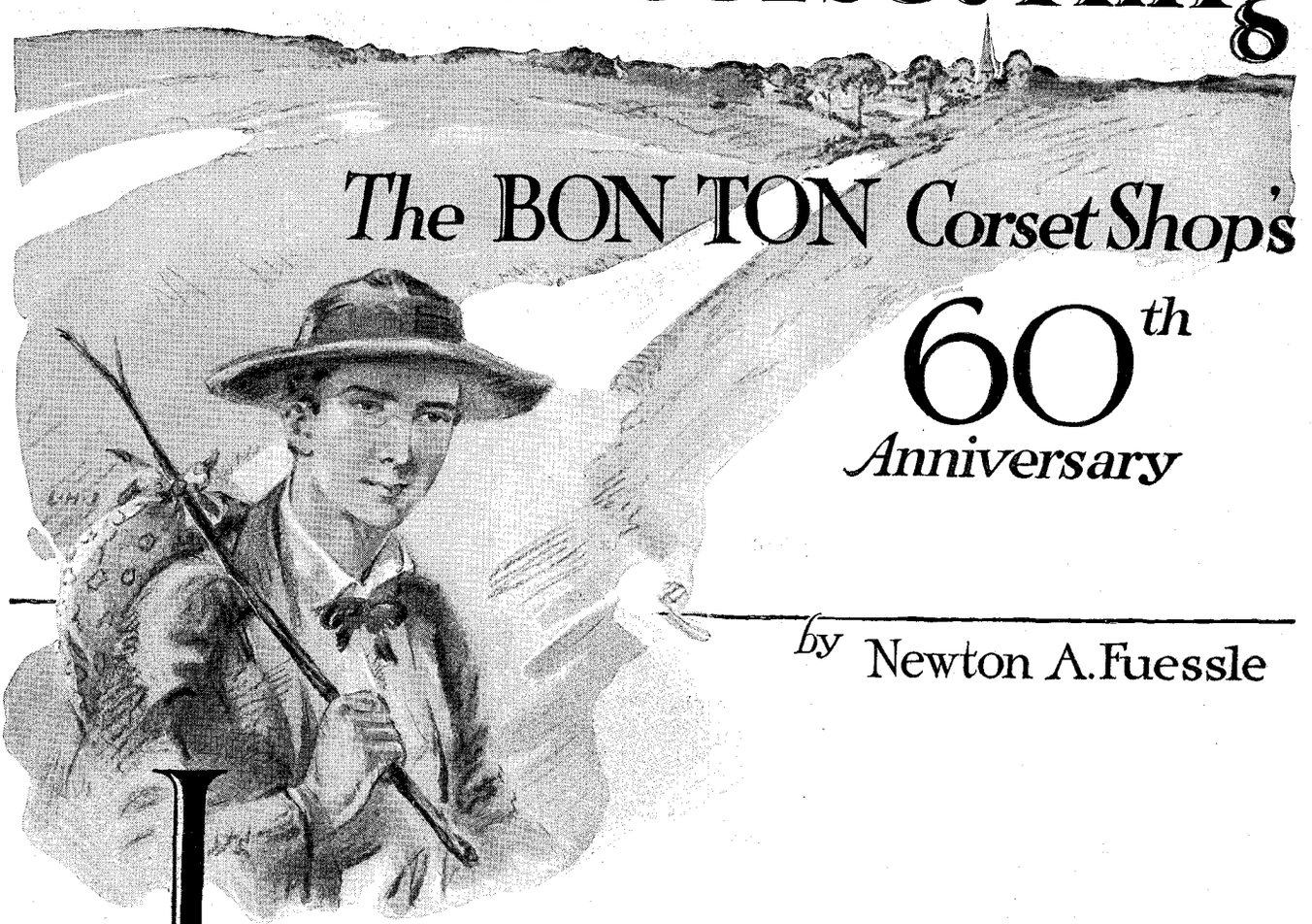
FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT is a member of the New York State Senate. He contributed "Out of the Toğa and into Overalls" to our May 4 issue and will contribute further papers on the same subject to early issues of The Outlook.

LYMAN ABBOTT has been Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook for over forty years. His reminiscences of Dwight Lyman Moody, the evangelist, will appear in an early issue.

HARRY LEE has had extensive experience among hospitals devoted to the cure of our returned soldiers. His poem entitled "The Letter Carrier," appeared in The Outlook of June 16, 1920.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The World's Corset King



## The BON TON Corset Shop's 60th Anniversary

by Newton A. Fuessle

IT is a delicate task to make a woman's corsets. It requires a skill, a technique, an intuition, that the making of probably no other garment has ever required. Sixty years is none too long a period in which to master the art of designing and constructing these intimate feminine trappings.

And yet, of shops devoted exclusively to the manufacture of corsets, America has only one whose wares embody sixty years of continuous, uninterrupted effort. That establishment is the Royal Worcester Corset Company of Worcester, Massachusetts. The position of this plant is unique in American industries. It is the oldest and largest corsetry, not only in America, but in the world. It celebrates this month the sixtieth anniversary of its founding.

The whole world knows the Bon Ton, Royal Worcester, and other corsets made in this establishment. Many millions of them have been sold. More than a million women living in eighty different countries of the world are indebted to-day to the Royal Worcester Corset Company for the comfort that only rightly made corsets can afford. More than 15,000 merchants handle this famous line.

Just as Europe with all her eminence musically has not produced a greater piano than America's Steinway, similarly Europe with all her eminence and *finesse* in fashions has not produced a greater corset than America's Bon Ton. England buys and wears more corsets of this make than of any other make, English or foreign, in existence.

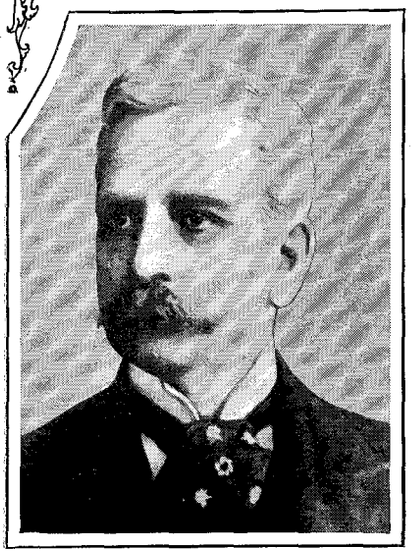
### MILLIONS OF PATRONS

As far as Cape Colony and the Fiji Islands merchants look to Worcester for their corsets. The amount of merchandise that streams day after day from the shipping-rooms of this extraor-

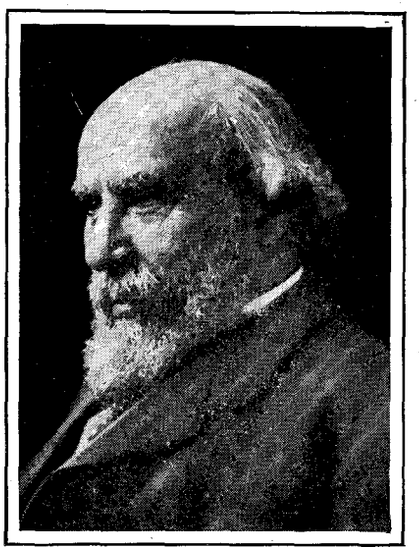


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

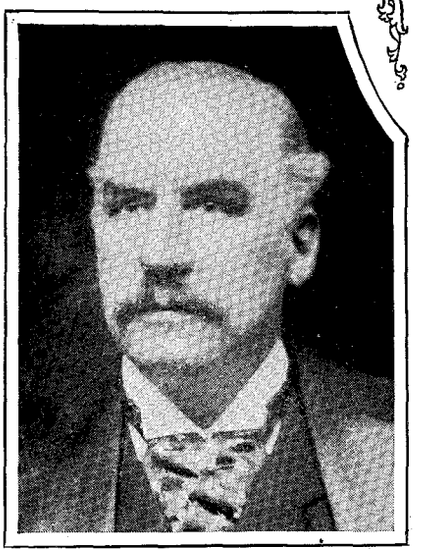
# The WORLD'S CORSET KING



Marshall Field, the merchant prince, was a dry-goods clerk in Chicago—



James J. Hill, the railway builder, was a clerk in St. Paul—



The late J. P. Morgan had just entered business as a young man of twenty-three—

when David Hale Fanning had already established himself as a manufacturer

dinary establishment is impressive not only in its physical volume, but in its human importance. Consider the subject of corsets and its relation to the feminine equation. It is one thing to weave a woman's rugs, make her hats, or build her motor cars. But it is another thing to make her corsets. It is easier to make love successfully to a frigid heiress than to pursue successfully the perilous art of making her corsets. One can imagine no quicker way to ruin forever one's friendly relations with a woman than to put her into a disappointing corset. Countless manufacturers of corsets have retired to occupations less difficult. The number of corset manufacturers in the United States, for example, decreased from 205 to 138 between 1890 and 1909. But the Royal Worcester Corset Company has gone on for sixty years and its friendly relations with its millions of patrons of all degrees of temperament have not suffered.

### MAGICIAN OF THE WAIST-LINE

Who do you think heads this interesting enterprise that has ministered to the charm and good looks of three generations of women? A dashing young *boulevardier?* A fox-trotting favorite with the débutantes? No; the world's corset king, this magician of the waist-line, the founder and President of the Royal Worcester Corset Company, is an elderly New England gentleman of the old school. He has never danced in the ballroom of the Ritz; Fifth Avenue has not seen him for years. He is ninety-one years of age.

Other important American industries have completed sixty years of their labors, but it is doubtful if there is a business executive on earth to-day who founded an important industry sixty years ago and who still sits at the executive desk and directs its operations.

David Hale Fanning, who sits in the "throne-room" of the Royal Worcester Corset Company, the corset king, is addressed, however, by a more democratic title by his business associates. They call him "Governor." This familiar nomenclature reflects something of the affection of Mr. Fanning's colleagues and associates for him. Sixty years of business cares and of straining through all manner of obstacles toward difficult achievements might have made crusty old tyrants of most men. But Mr. Fanning is as kindly as a cardinal. His life-long struggle to get things done has not hardened nor embittered him; his air of dignity is also an air of benevolence.

The hoop-skirt vogue began to wane after 1865, but Mr. Fanning retained an uninterrupted hold upon his dealers by gradually establishing a distribution of corsets, which now began to issue from his shops instead of hoop-skirts

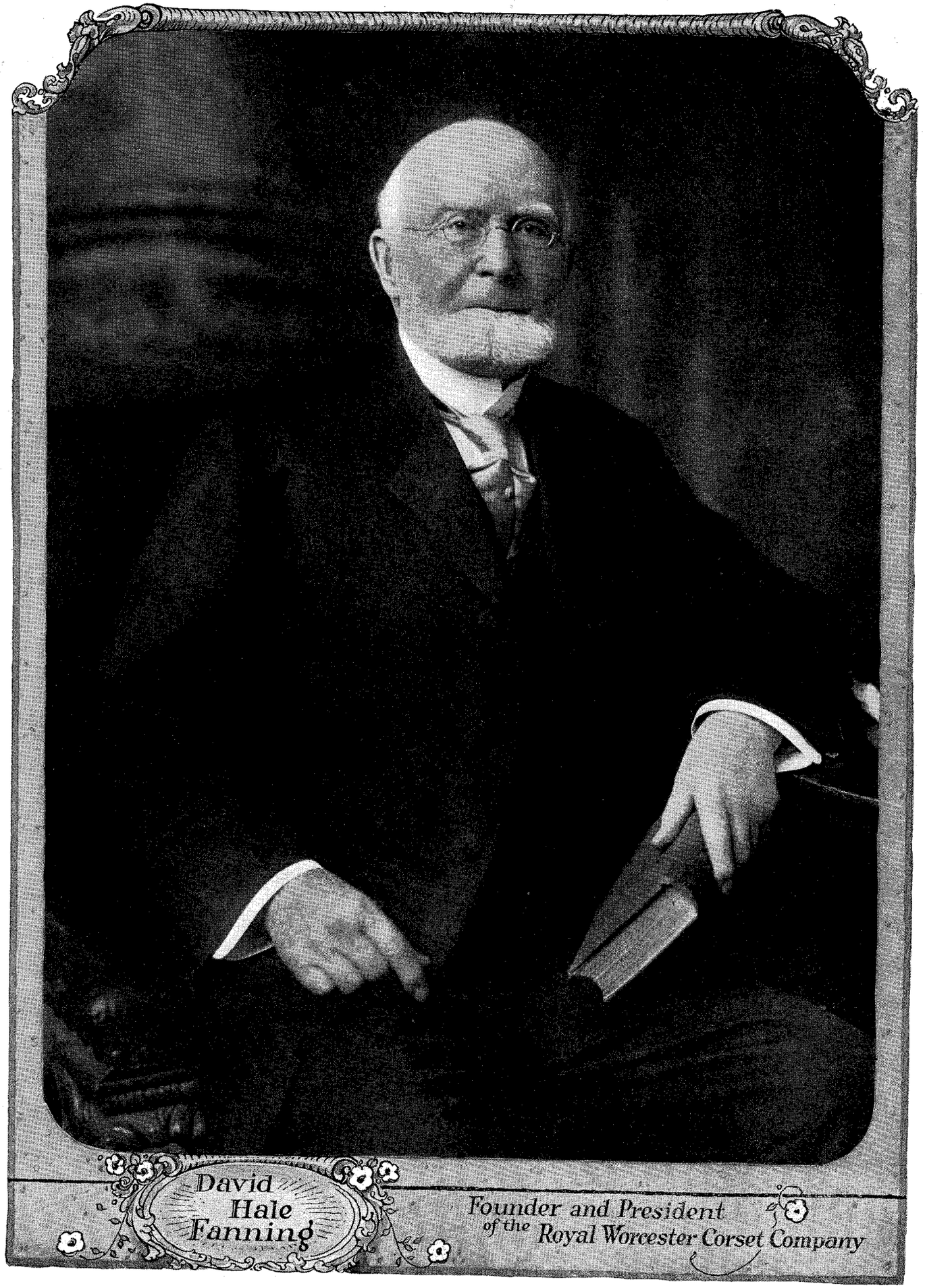
The most amazing thing about this veteran of affairs is his vitality. Others are old at seventy; he is young at ninety-one. There is a singular vivacity in his eyes of grayish-blue; they are alert with new campaigns; they snap with unwavering decision. There is an electric quality about this man whose corsets encircle the globe. It sparks through the whole organization; it reaches and animates dealers in the South Seas; it keys up and intensifies his sales representatives everywhere. No one can enter the spacious establishment of the Royal Worcester Company without getting the feel of it.

### A DOMINATING FORCE

In much the same way that the American Woolen Company and the United States Steel Corporation have stabilized, standardized, and steadied, respectively, the wool and the steel industries, the head of the Royal Worcester Corset Company has performed these functions for the corset industry. To emerge into this dominating position and then to hold it was no easy task for David Hale Fanning. For it must be remembered that the long span of this man's life-

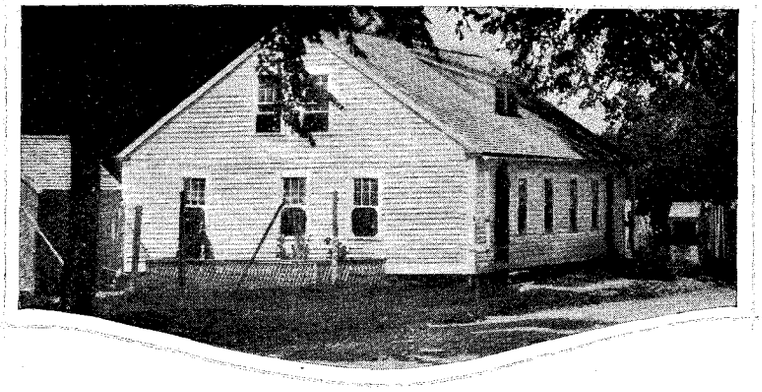


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED






PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The pleasant home in which David Hale Fanning was born in Jewett City, Connecticut, on August 4, 1830.

His forefathers were American colonists, Revolutionary soldiers, ship carpenters, and stalwart blacksmiths

time has covered the most turbulent and highly competitive industrial era ever known to the world. Throughout his labors industrial supermen were battling for control; the way had to be carved as they went along; methods of mass production had to be invented; modes of National and international distribution had to be created. There were no set rules to go by, no previous experience to guide their efforts.

"I don't see how you did it," said a recent visitor to the Royal Worcester plant.

"We work, work, work!" exclaimed the veteran founder instantly.

Judge Gary was a boy in Wheaton, Illinois, and Charles M. Schwab had not been born when David Hale Fanning founded America's first establishment for the manufacture of corsets. When the late J. P. Morgan had just entered business as a young man of twenty-three, when James J. Hill was working in a steamboat office in St. Paul, when the twenty-one-year-old John D. Rockefeller was junior partner in the firm of Clark & Rockefeller, commission merchants in Cleveland, and when Marshall Field was a dry-goods clerk in Chicago, David Hale Fanning had already established the concern which is now the Royal Worcester Corset Company. Mr. Fanning made an extensive clearing for himself in the thickets of American business before any of these Titans of affairs became established, and to-day he survives nearly all of them.

### THE CHIMING OF THE CHURCH BELLS

The gift of quick decisions has been one of Mr. Fanning's conspicuous traits throughout his extraordinary career as a manufacturer. The first of these decisions of which there is record occurred in the year 1846. He was sixteen years old and was living with his brother's family in Jewett City, Connecticut. One bright Sunday morning he stood at the family well, pumping a pail of water. The sound of a neighboring church bell crossed the sunny landscape to his ears. The bells had a disturbing effect upon the boy; a sense of restlessness pervaded him; new longings took possession of him; there was an answering ring of inner chimes.

At that moment he decided to fare into the world and to make his own way. He hurried to his room, left a note for his brother explaining what he was about to do, assembled a handful of personal belongings, wrapped them in a red bandanna handkerchief, and set out over the tranquil New England road

The world's corset king lives modestly in a democratic, unpretentious home on Woodland Street, Worcester, where he takes keen delight in the plants and flowers of his conservatory



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with his meager pack and a heart full of eagerness and courage. In his pocket were two dollars and fifty cents in money and a copy of the Bible. That day he trudged twenty miles.

"What do you think I paid that day for my supper, a night's lodging, and my breakfast?" he asked with a twinkling eye.

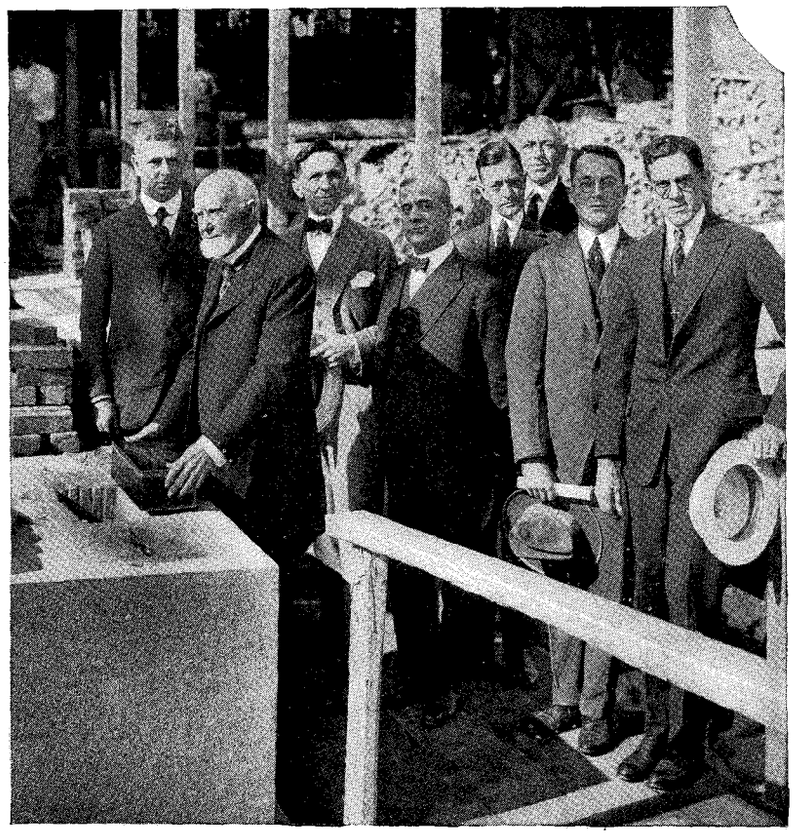
I named a sum that made him chuckle.

"Sixteen cents," he replied.

During the following years he worked and saved. He worked as a factory hand in Clinton and Worcester, Massachusetts; learned the machinist's trade; became the proprietor of a general store at Groton Junction, Massachusetts; lived for a time in Cleveland, Ohio; and was employed from 1857 to 1861 as a salesman. Balked in his desire to enlist in the Civil War, he resolved to invest his small capital in business, and chose the manufacture of hoop-skirts, then the fad.

He carried in his business the courage and tenacity of a long line of colonial forefathers, among them Edmund Fanning, a soldier in King Philip's War, who was granted land at New London, Connecticut, in 1664.

In a small loft room in the rear of the building at Front and Main Streets, Worcester, he began, with two women employees, to manufacture some of the very first hoop-skirts. He drove from place to place with a horse and buggy and established his own distribution for the product. The Fanning hoop-skirts were so excellently designed, so well made, and so altogether satisfactory to the women of his time that his manufacturing facilities were soon greatly overtaxed by the demand.



Mr. Fanning placed a sealed copper box of interesting industrial documents in the corner-stone of the new wing of the plant on the morning of September 5, 1919, in the presence of his colleagues

### CORSETS SUCCEED HOOP-SKIRTS

But the hoop-skirt was destined to give way to more modern modes of dress, and Mr. Fanning saw what was coming. From Germany, where the modern corset was invented, and from France, where the ladies of the Revolution had adopted them, there were being imported to America the corsets that were worn here at the time. This gave David Fanning an idea. He perceived that corsets would be more and more in demand, and he soon converted his hoop-skirt manufactory into a corset establishment, the pioneer plant of its kind in this country.

Corsets were not unknown in Rome; and from the steel bands of that ancient time down to to-day continuous flux and change have characterized corset fashions. Few industrial enterprises have been compelled to adapt themselves with more flexible response to the times than those engaged in the manufacture of corsets. And this discloses one of the foremost traits of David Hale Fanning. The amazing resiliency with which he has alertly pursued the windings of his business requirements is one of the engaging spectacles of American industrial performance.

The "skeleton" corset, without fabric between the bones, with a waistband made of scrim, was one of his first inventions. Marshall Field soon placed large orders, and the model became extremely popular in the late 1860's. He next won bronze medals in 1876 at the Centennial Exposition with a hand-made corset of black silk with white embroidery, and with his "Queen Bess" model. The silk serge model, with clasps of watch-spring steel, jumped into vogue in 1885, and the high stiff affairs with shoulder-straps appeared in 1892. The Empire girdle, spoon clasp, and wasp-waist models followed each other, and gave way in turn to the straight-front devices of latter days.

The height of corset fashion in 1899 was the so-called French model Bon Ton

### MAKERS OF HISTORY

Since the inaugural ball of 1861, when Abraham Lincoln encircled the ballroom with the beautiful wife of Stephen A. Douglas on his arm, there has not been an inaugural ball in Washington in which the corsets manufactured by David Hale Fanning have not figured conspicuously. And since Ellen Terry's historic first appearance in America with Henry Irving, and since Fanny Davenport's first appearance at Niblo's Garden in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," the corsets of this company have never been absent from the American stage.

There must be something about Worcester County, Massachusetts, that fosters distinguished achievements. It was



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The WORLD'S CORSET KING

Worcester County that gave us Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin; George Bancroft, the historian; Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing-machine; Edward Everett Hale, the author and clergyman; John S. C. Abbott, the historian; General Artemas Ward; and Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross. And so it is not surprising that David H. Fanning, the world's corset king, should have set up his establishment and achieved his renown in the same county of Worcester.

## A SPOTLESS PLANT

The big shops in which the Royal Worcester Corset Company's products are manufactured are as immaculate as if the product made were food. A search for even a fragment of cobweb would be fruitless. One can rub his hand over any portion of the walls within this establishment without soiling a finger. The cleanliness of the place is a feature in itself; it pervades and dominates all the premises, down to the engine-room, machine shop, stockrooms, and shipping rooms.

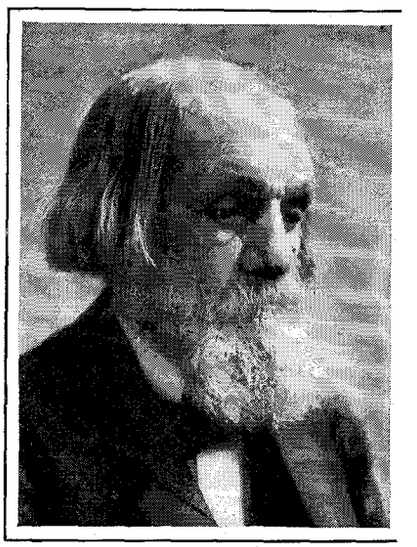
The cleanliness of the workers accounts in part for the extraordinary cleanliness of the shops. After an average of fifty different operations on a corset, the finished garment comes through with rarely a visible sign of having been handled.

One of the last and most interesting operations which every corset is subjected to is a light bath of compressed air just prior to its passing beneath tl electric iron. It is a rare exception th any other cleansing methods are r quired.

Lynx-eyed inspectors search each cc

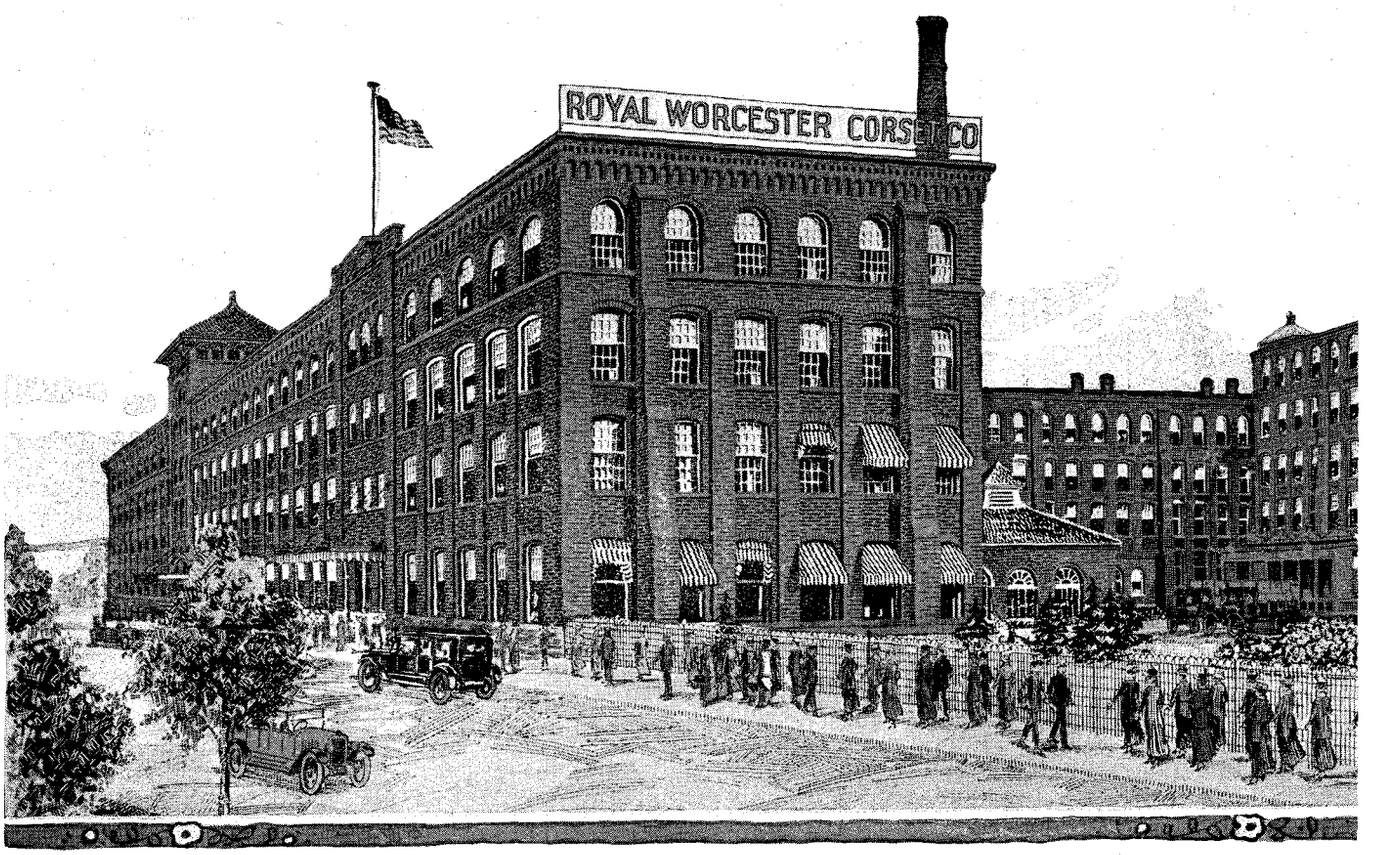
Worcester County, Source of Royal Worc

Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin, hailed from Worcester County



Edward Everett Hale preached and wrot famous books in Worcester County

The home of the Royal Worcester Corset Company, which celebrates this mo founding, is the world's largest establishment devoted entirely

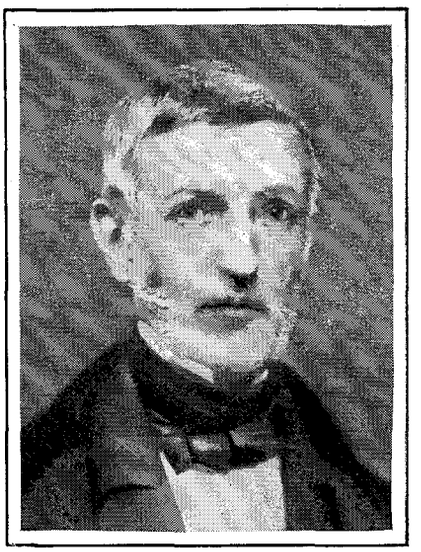



*The Outloo*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Corsets, Fosters Distinguished Achievements

Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, was a Worcester County woman



George Bancroft, the historian, was a product of Worcester County

set for flaws throughout the process of manufacture. Inspections begin long before the corset-making starts. The first inspection is for color—under powerful arc-lights, where the cloth is closely examined for correct coloring. There are many shades of a given color that come from the mills, but only identical shades are permitted to enter each corset. Stringent tests for strength are also made upon receipt of all materials at the Royal Worcester Corset Company shops. Every bolt of cloth, every spool of cotton and silk is tested for strength and rejected if it falls short of requirements.

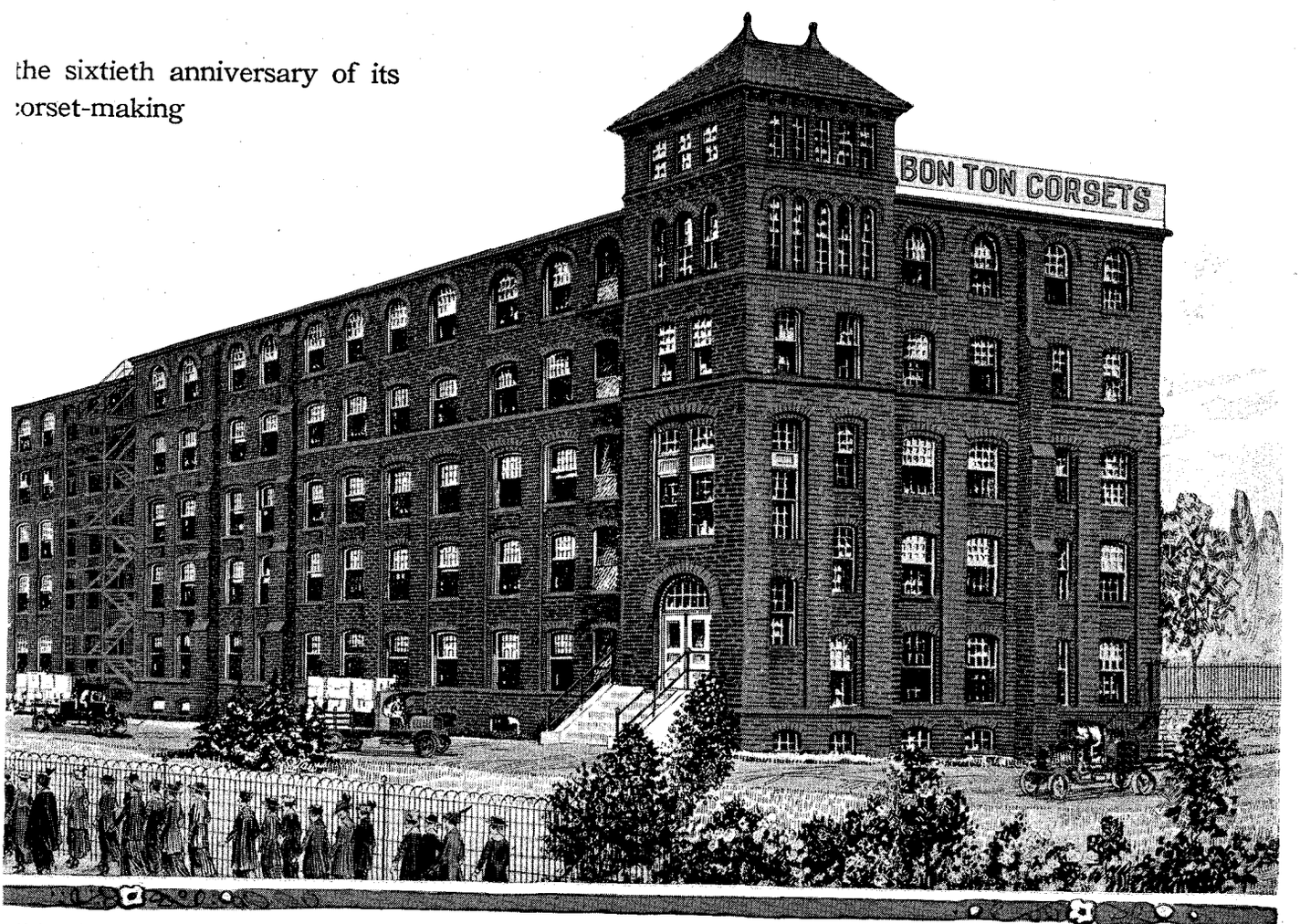
The cutting is done by hand; twenty-four thicknesses of coutil are cut at one stroke of the keen-edged knife. Cloth is always cut so that the strongest threads will pass around the body. When the many different sections of cloth that are to enter the corset have been cut, they are placed carefully in a box to keep them clean on their way to the next operation; in case of the Bon Ton, which is the super-product of the Royal Worcester shops, the parts are placed in bags after every single operation in order that soiling will be reduced to the minimum.

It is said that in Packingtown every by-product is utilized with the exception of the squeal. As high a degree of efficiency prevails in these corset shops; if a scrap of cloth measures 2½ x 1½ inches, it can still be used.

### 2,700 STITCHES PER MINUTE

The enormous stitching-rooms, with their hundreds of power-driven sewing machines, have the roar of a swarm of airplanes. Some of these machines sew

the sixtieth anniversary of its
corset-making




rtising Section

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Since Ellen Terry's début, corsets made in Worcester have enhanced the charms of countless favorites of the theater

Since the days of Fanny Davenport, corsets made by Mr. Fanning have figured prominently on the stage

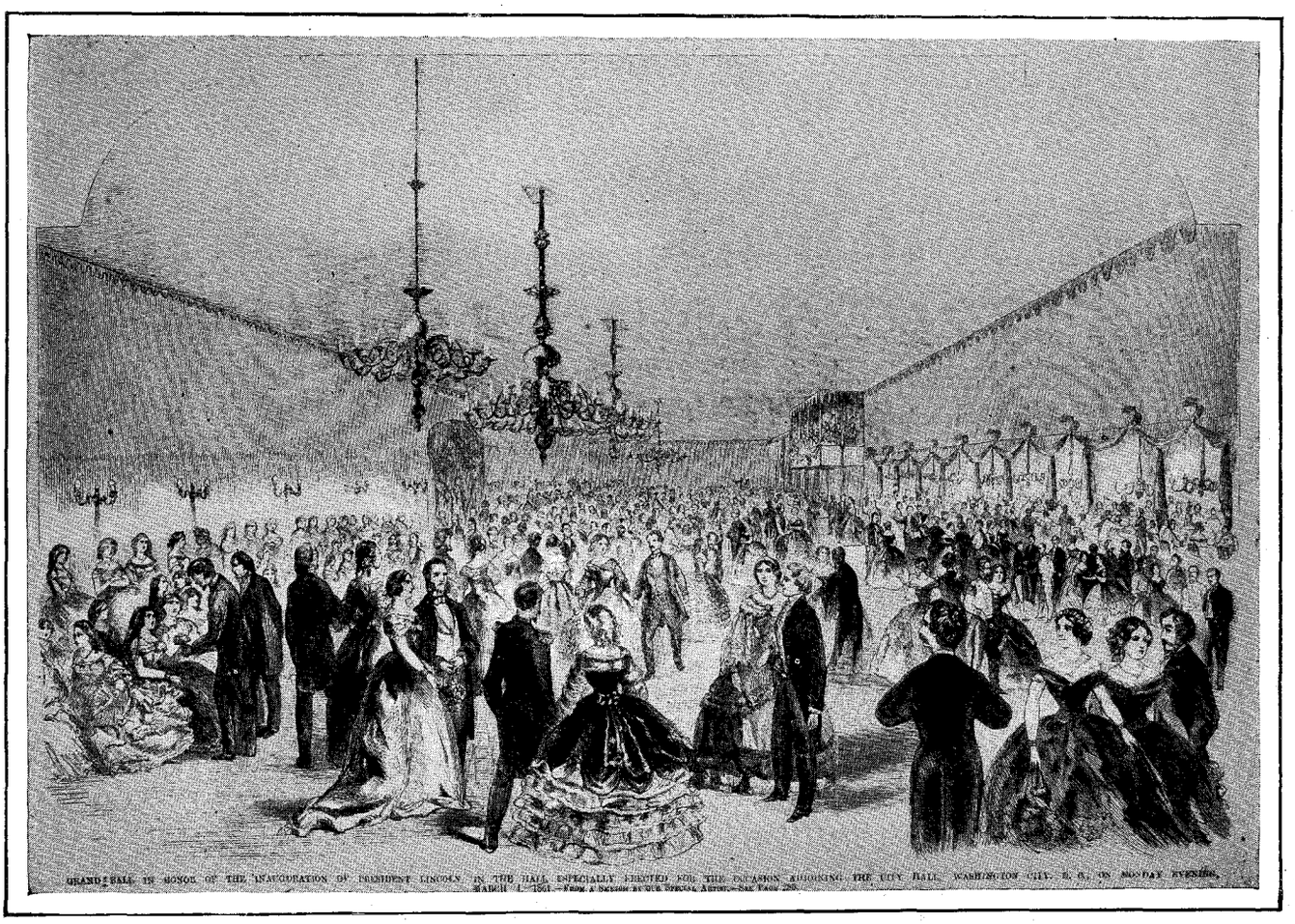
respectively with two, three, four, and five needles at a time; 2,700 stitches per minute is the speed of the machines; millions of stitches per day are taken under the roofs of the plant. In one of the stitching-rooms alone there are as many as 350 Singer sewing-machines, all power-driven; a one horse-power motor operates as many as eleven machines. Thousands of needles are used per week.

The original source of the whalebone, the whale itself, no longer supplies the stays for the modern corset. The boning consists of a specially prepared steel, highly flexible in character, and covered with a special compound; Wundabohn is the name of the boning used in Bon Ton corsets; it is made by a special process, and will not rust nor break; it can be tied in a knot but will return to its original shape when released; it outwears the corset itself. The boning is all done by hand.

### THE DANCE OF THE NEEDLES

The silk flossing and tacking, done on sewing-machines by highly skillful operatives, is an engaging sight; like an eccentric dancer the sprightly needle roves to and fro, missing the bones by the breadth of a hair. It takes exceptional craftsmanship to avoid hitting the bones with the needle; if a collision occurred with the metal bones at the velocity with which these needles operate, the needle would splinter and delay the work.

The machine shop is a service station



Since Abraham Lincoln's first inaugural ball there has never been an inaugural ball in Washington in which corsets manufactured by David Hale Fanning have not figured



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

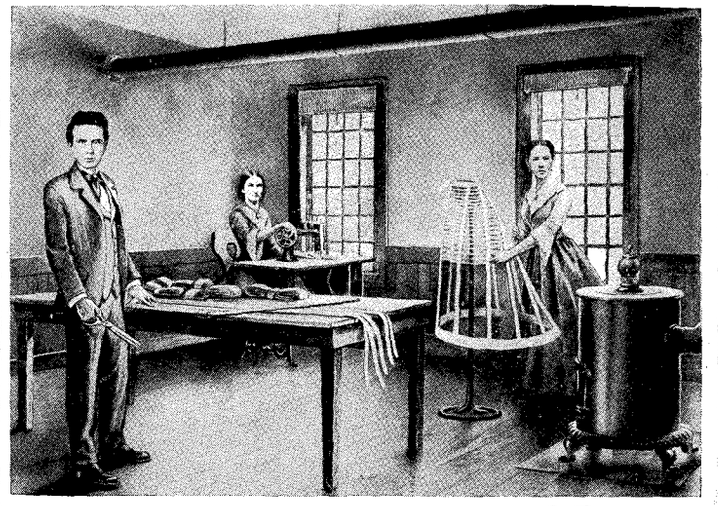
for the more than one thousand sewing and other machines of the plant. It takes ten machinists to look after the many batteries of machines that make Royal Worcester products for their patrons the world over. Hundreds of spare parts are carried at all times to minimize delays in the workrooms.

An ingenious lace-threading machine is the invention of the Royal Worcester Corset Company. The eyelet machines, tacking machines and flossing machines are also achievements in ingenuity. Another machine does joining and stripping at the same time.

A highly organized printing plant is one of the unusual features at Royal Worcester. Fine color work is done by the six printing-presses. Here the company prints all of its labels, tags, forms, folders, booklets, catalogs, and printed exhibits for dealers' window displays throughout the world.

Mr. Fanning has also installed the company's own box factory. It consumes approximately twenty-five tons of box-board per month, or 600,000 pounds a year, turning out pasteboard boxes at an incredible clip, one for each pair of corsets that issues from the workrooms.

One gains still another conception of the magnitude of this company's operations when it is recorded that it transforms into corsets over one million pounds of cotton cloth per year, and that it requires fully 10,000 acres each year to raise the cotton that goes into the product. It takes over 3,500,000 yards of trimmings alone to carry on the labors of this establishment.




In a small loft room, assisted by two employees, David Hale Fanning laid the foundation of his present large industry by manufacturing hoop-skirts for the women of the 1860's

NEVER HAD A STRIKE

There has never been a strike in the whole sixty years of the history of this company. During turbulent periods, when other factories have been racked with animosity, the employees of David Hale Fanning have worked contentedly on. This reflects unusually good treatment. There isn't a pleasanter place to work in New England. The workers are paid not only a living wage, but a saving wage. All workers in the shops receive in addition to their wages each week a bonus equal to twenty per cent of their wages. Some of the women in the stitching-rooms have worked there for forty-four years; many have worked there for twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and forty years.

The kindly watchfulness of Mr. Fanning toward his family of workers is everywhere apparent. If a girl is losing weight or looking badly, he sends her

David Hale Fanning F. R. Batchelder E. P. Bennett E. J. Seward W. F. Brooks

The veteran corset manufacturer in conference with his Board of Directors



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A thousand power-driven sewing-machines roar like a swarm of airplanes in the vast stitching-rooms of the shops

away to recuperate at one of the numerous institutions he has endowed. He looks after his help with the same fatherly eye that watched over his employees when he was manufacturing hoop-skirts in the tiny loft room sixty years ago. The shops are equipped with spacious fire hallways and stairs; the entire plant can be emptied of all its workers in a few seconds. The flower-gardens flood the workrooms with fragrance throughout the summer.

### A FACTORY FLOODED WITH SUNSHINE

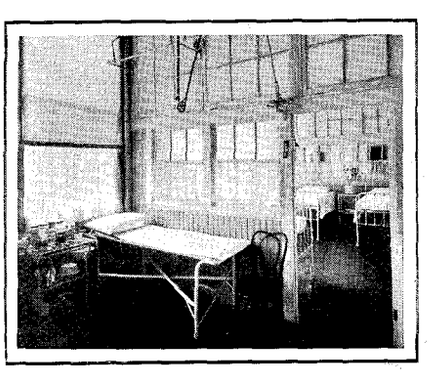
There probably is no sunnier manufacturing plant in the world than that of the Royal Worcester Corset Company. Mr. Fanning has himself thought out the architectural composition of each new unit of space that has been added; his architects have merely designed the definite ideas furnished by him. The workers thrive in the airy, sunny work-rooms.

If the visitor to the Royal Worcester is impressed by the splendor of Mr. Fanning's executive office, with its imported rugs, gleaming mahoganies, gold medals, Dutch tiles, the huge loving-cup made to order by Tiffany and presented by the employees, he is sure to catch his breath in amazement when he enters the palatial restaurant and recreation-room which Mr. Fanning has built for his workers. There is nothing like it in America. It is artistic and vastly inviting. The sun can pour in from three sides of this room.

The windows are hung with tapestry shades and silk hangings, the floors and walls are hand-made tiling. The auditorium seats more than 1,600 people; when used for a lunchroom at noon, its tables seat fully 800. There is a roomy stage with piano and row of footlights. Interior decorators must have tackled the sun-parlor with relish; its steamer-chairs and wicker furniture, upholstered with tapestry, are very alluring.

An orchestra composed entirely of workers gives frequent concerts at the noon hour.

Mr. Fanning's welfare work does not end with the workers. He has endowed numerous philanthropies. The Hahnemann Hospital and the new Girls' Trade School, both in Worcester, and the charming public park in Jewett City, Connecticut, his birthplace, are notable results of his benefactions. He has also made recent substantial money gifts to the endowment fund of the Slater Library in the latter city.



Working conditions are unusually sanitary and hygienic, complete in all details, down to a sunny hospital ward and a special water supply

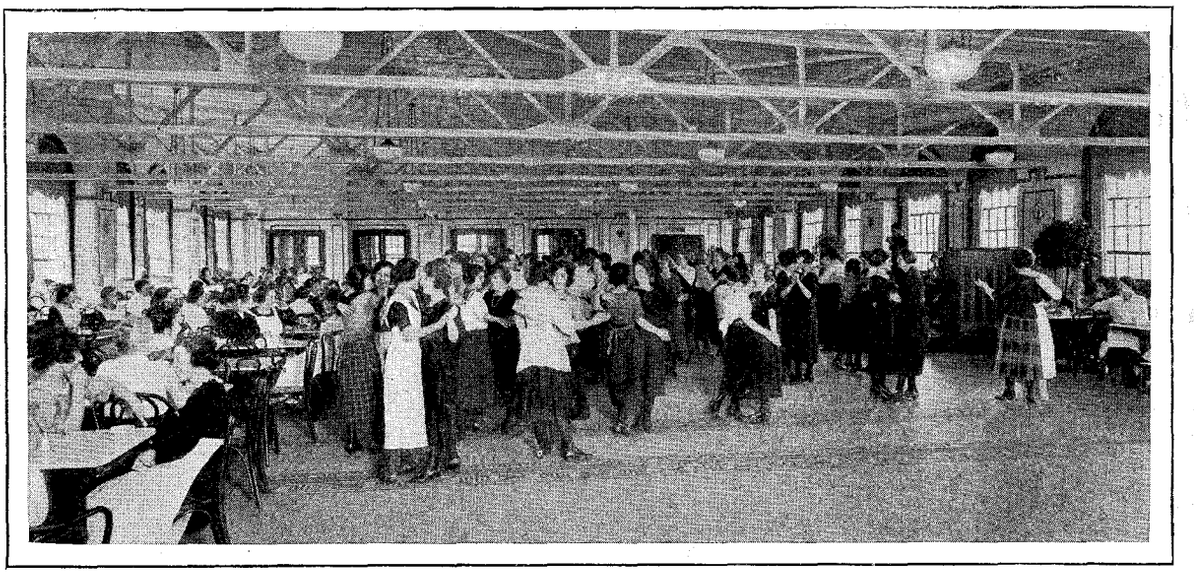
### A WORLD-WIDE LEAGUE OF MERCHANTS

It is no wonder that merchants throughout the world are eager to handle a product manufactured by workers doing their tasks under such attractive conditions. The tranquil craftsmanship that prevails in this establishment is a guaranty of quality that no mere printed slip could possibly impart. The name Bon Ton or Royal Worcester on a pair of corsets enables a merchant to hold his customers because they are satisfied customers, whether he provides corsets for miners' daughters in Alaska, for the bonnie ladies of Scotland, for the slim waists of Siam, or for the fashionables of Patagonia.

The strength and centralized control of Royal Worcester distribution are notable in modern merchandising. The company sells only to the dealer direct; there is no chance for misunderstandings through middlemen or jobbers. The one-price policy inaugurated at the start by Mr. Fanning has never been abandoned. There is no bickering, no concessions for large orders. Whether you place an order for one dozen or for 100,000 dozen pairs of the company's



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Royal Worcester employees enjoying a dance after luncheon in the palatial recreation and luncheon hall recently built for them by Mr. Fanning

product, you pay the same price. This protects the small merchant, and does not give the large merchant a selling advantage with his patrons.

The best materials, workmanship, and design are unfailing features of this product. The O-I-C corset clasp, invented and patented three years ago, has proved immensely popular. The nub or post of this clasp is conical in shape, so that when hooked the clasp cannot pinch the flesh, break, squeak, twist, always stays flat, and the nub cannot pull out.

### A SCHOOL OF CORSETRY

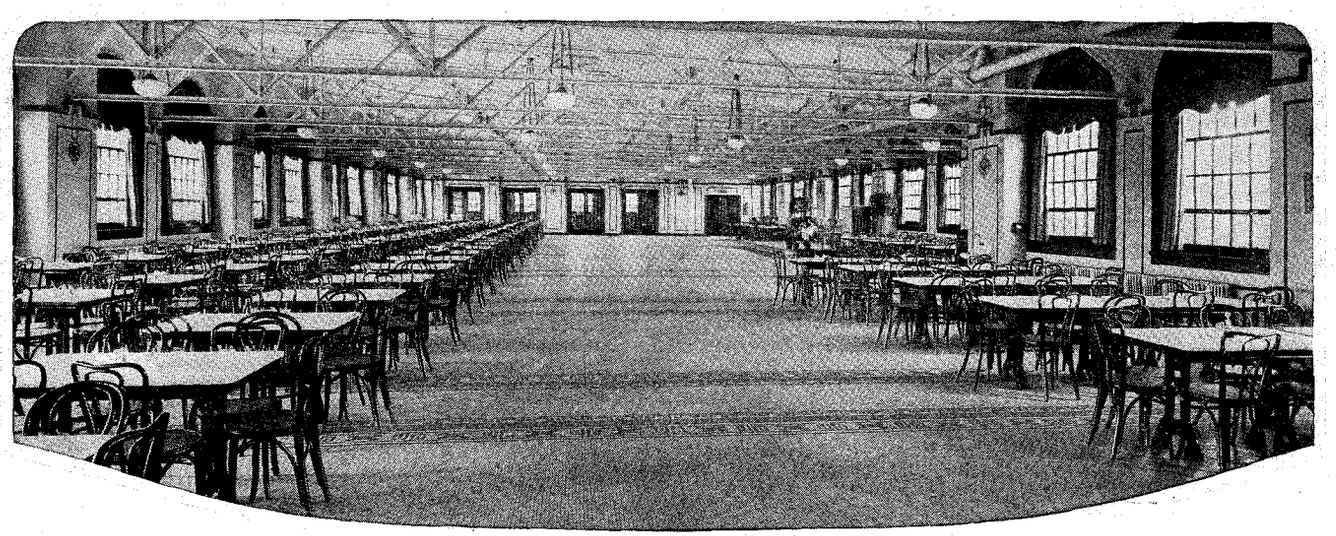
The Bon Ton School of Corsetry is conducted entirely through the mails and is one of the very few of its kind in America. It was established by Mr. Fanning to train saleswomen, and is of great advantage to merchants. It provides a valuable service to the purchaser of corsets, since it teaches saleswomen the technique of correct measuring, fitting and lacing; it teaches alteration; it includes the study of form and anatomy. There are 2,000 pupils now enrolled in this course, and 1,000 diplomas have already been awarded to pupils who have completed it. This course is offered free of charge. It was undertaken upon the recommendation of one of the company's sales representatives to fill a definite dealer need. It is of general value to the industry as a whole, since the course is in nowise restricted to saleswomen employed in stores handling Bon Ton and Royal Worcester products.

Between 300 and 400 different styles are carried in the pattern room of this foremost of corset manufactories. The sizes range as high as 54. Curiously, there is but one State in the Union where corsets of size 54 are regularly ordered—the State of Maine. The head designer declares that, as a general rule, the bigger the city, the smaller the waists of women.

The favorite corset colors in various parts of the world are an interesting study. In the United States the only colors in general demand are pink and white, pink representing sixty per cent of the demand, and white forty per cent. France indulges in a much wider range of colors; the various pastel shades are ever in demand, including blues, yellows, orchids, and lavenders; and even black is not uncommon in French corset shops. Holland likes écrus and drabs. Swiss women go in almost entirely for white.

### A PERMANENT INSTITUTION

For twenty-five years the Royal Worcester Corset Company has carried on



The recreation and luncheon hall contains a completely equipped cafeteria, presided over by an expert chef and assistants, where wholesome, well-cooked food is served at cost to all employees. Several warmers are provided for the use of those who bring their own food from home



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

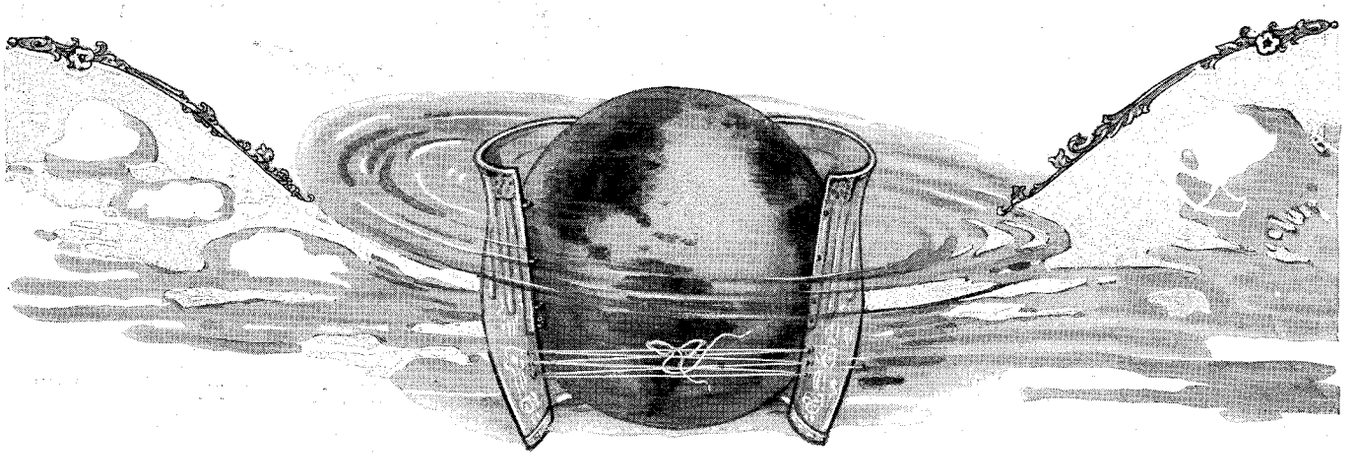
The employees' rest-room is artistic and vastly inviting. There is nothing like it in any other factory in America

an extensive world trade; it is a pioneer in the world-wide distribution of American-made garments. The sales representatives of the Royal Worcester Corset Company traverse the world. One, a woman who lives in Sydney, Australia, makes an annual journey to the coast towns of South Africa, to many of the interior points, and to all of Tasmania. She is known by merchants from Portuguese East Africa to the ends of New Zealand.

The executives of Royal Worcester have maps of the world beneath the glass tops of their desks. Mr. Fanning has picked men of huge horizons as his lieutenants. His own desk is equipped with more electric push-buttons than I ever saw on a desk before. He can instantly summon assistants from any part of the big plant. One almost expects him to press a button and call in a salesman from the Transvaal.

At the age of ninety-one this untiring manufacturer, who was born when Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, who has run his business without an interruption for sixty years, remains a star performer in the world of affairs. He sits at his desk instead of at his fireside. While others are retiring from business, he rears up with a new invention and patents it. While many others talk grandly about service, he performs it.

He has manufactured not only an important product, but an important and permanent institution. He has helped many thousands of merchants to earn a good living and has enabled many millions of women to be stylish with comfort.





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED